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CENTRAL ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC.

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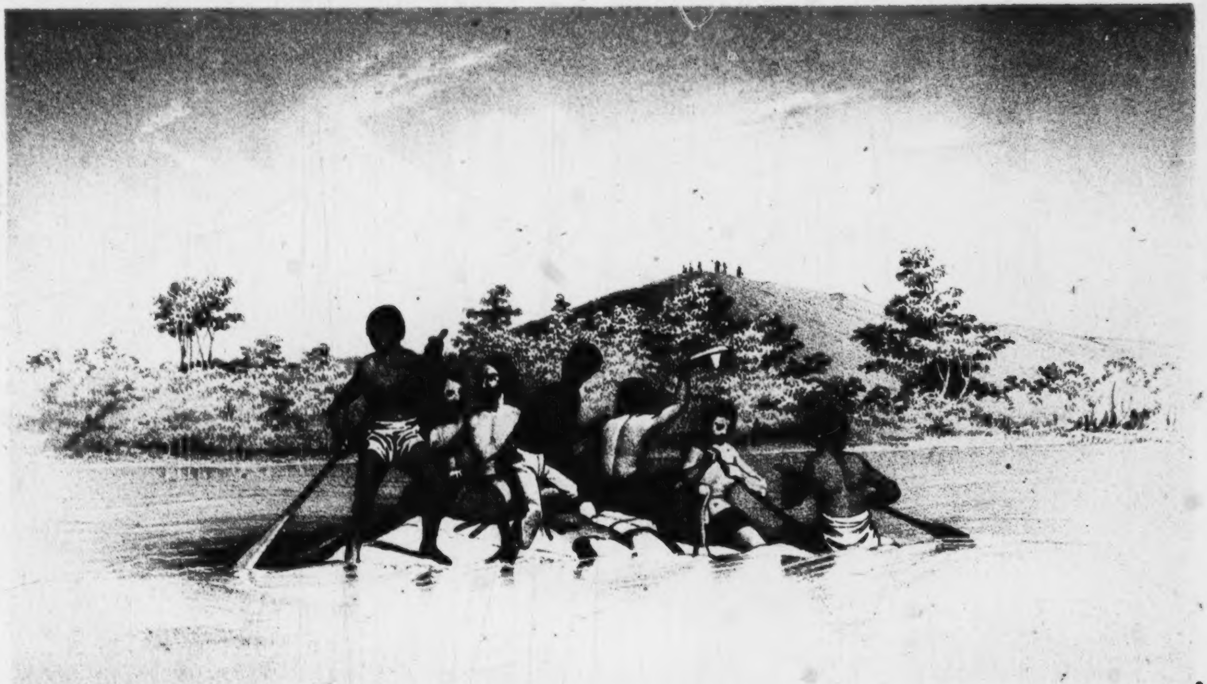

G.H.Heap del

P.S.Duval & Co.lith.Phil^a

RAFTING ACROSS GRAND RIVER.

CENTRAL ROUTE

TO THE

PACIFIC,

FROM THE

VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI TO CALIFORNIA:

JOURNAL OF THE EXPEDITION

OF

E. F. BEALE, SUPERINTENDENT OF INDIAN AFFAIRS IN
CALIFORNIA, AND GWINN HARRIS HEAP,

FROM

MISSOURI TO CALIFORNIA, IN 1853.

BY

GWINN HARRIS HEAP.

PHILADELPHIA:
LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO, AND CO.
1854.

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CENTRAL ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC.

INTRODUCTORY.

On the third day of March, 1853, Congress passed a law appropriating $250,000 for the purpose of carrying into effect a plan which E. F. Beale, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the State of California, had proposed for the better protection, subsistence, and colonization of the Indian tribes within his superintendency.

The President having given his approval to this plan, Mr. Beale was instructed to proceed forthwith, by the shortest route, to his superintendency, and to select lands most suitable for Indian reservations. He was also directed, in connection with this plan, to examine the Territories of New Mexico and Utah, where their frontiers and those of California lie contiguous, and to ascertain whether lands existed there to which the California Indians might, with advantage, be removed.

Mr. Beale having, in a few days, collected a small party, and my duties calling me at this time to California, I gladly availed myself of his invitation to join the expedition, which promised to be replete with interest, not only because he proposed traversing a large tract of unexplored country, but also from its being one of the routes in contemplation for a railway from the Valley of the Mississippi to our Pacific possessions.

In the journal now offered to the public, I have endeavored to give a correct representation of the country which we traversed; and, although I do not pretend to do justice to the subject, I trust that these notes will not be altogether without value, particularly at a time when the public mind is engrossed with a subject of such stupendous magnitude as the establishment of a trans-continental railway. It was a source of frequent regret to us, that circumstances which it is not necessary to explain here, had put it out of our power to provide instruments for a more scientific survey of this route; and I have, therefore, avoided to state anything, even in the form of a surmise, the correctness of which could only be ascertained by instrumental survey. It is often difficult to determine heights and grades with perfect accuracy, even with the assistance of instruments; random assertions, made upon mere supposition, would, therefore, be entirely without value. The information I claim to give is such only as I believe will be found reliable and useful, particularly to emigrants; to them, any new light thrown upon the geography of the interior of our continent, cannot fail to be interesting, and they will find this journal a faithful delineation of the country through which our route led us.

In regard to the map accompanying this book, I wish to state that the portion which differs from any hitherto published, is the section embraced between the mouth of Huerfano River, in west long. 103° 20′, and Little Salt Lake, in west long. 113°. No survey has been published of this region, and all information regarding it has heretofore been derived exclusively from the reports of trappers and Indian traders. Without claiming for it any extraordinary degree of accuracy, it will be found, I hope, much more correct and reliable than any map hitherto published. Almost hourly notes, with the constant use of the compass, and a correct estimate of distances, were, in the absence of instruments, my means of delineating the topography of the country which we traversed. The other portions of the map are copied from the best and latest surveys.

The route selected by Mr. Beale was, in conformity with his instructions, the shortest and most direct to California; and it also enabled him to examine, with the least delay, the localities to which it was believed that the Indians of California might be removed with advantage to themselves, should suitable lands for the purpose be found.

The following is a synopsis of the route he designed taking:

The starting-point was Westport, in Missouri; from thence, leaving the River Kanzas on our right, we were to proceed to Fort Atkinson on the Arkansas, crossing the head-waters of the Osage and Neosho. From Fort Atkinson, our course was up the left bank of the Arkansas, as far as the River Huerfano, which joins the Arkansas about forty-five miles above Bent's Fort; thence up the Huerfano to the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, and through them to Fort Massachusetts on Utah Creek, in the north of New Mexico. After leaving Fort Massachusetts, we were to proceed up the valley of San Luis, lying between the Sangre de Cristo Mountains and the Sierra Mojada on the east, the Sierras Blanca and Sahwatch on the north, and the Sierra de San Juan on the west. Up this valley to the Sahwatch Valley, through the Coochatope Pass in the Sahwatch Mountains, and down the River Uncompagre to the Grand River Fork of the Great Colorado, in Utah Territory. Thence across the River Avonkaria and the Green River Fork of the Colorado, through the Wahsatch Mountains to the Mormon settlements near Little Salt Lake and the Vegas de Santa Clara. From this point we would travel on the old Spanish trail leading from Abiquiú, across the desert, to the River Mohaveh, where we intended to leave it, and enter into the Tulare Valley in California, through Walker's Pass, in the Sierra Nevada.

We left Washington on the 20th of April, and arrived at St. Louis the 2d, Kanzas the 5th, and Westport the 6th of May.

Westport is a thriving place, situated four miles from Kanzas; and emigrants from Missouri to California and Oregon make either this place or Independence their starting-point. At both towns all necessary supplies can be obtained at reasonable rates, and their merchants and mechanics being constantly required to supply the wants of travellers on the plains, keep on hand such articles as are best adapted for an overland journey. Kanzas, a newer place, is also thriving, and a fine river-landing. At Westport, I had the pleasure of meeting with a very courteous gentleman, Count Cypriani, ex-governor of Leghorn. He was preparing for an expedition to California, *via* Fort Laramie, the South Pass, Great Salt Lake, and Carson's Valley. His party consisted of eleven persons of education and science, and an escort of mountain men; and his outfit was in every respect well appointed and complete. If the observations of this accomplished gentleman should be given to the public, they will be a valuable addition to the scanty knowledge we possess of the interior of our country. He has had much experience as a traveller, having already visited the greater portion of both the continents of the western hemisphere, as well as those of Europe, Asia, and Africa.

CHAPTER I.

JOURNEY FROM WESTPORT TO THE RIVER HUERFANO.

Our party was composed of twelve persons, viz:—

E. F. Beale, Superintendent of Indian Affairs in California.
G. Harris Heap.
Elisha Riggs, of Washington.
William Riggs, "
William Rogers, "
Henry Young.
J. Wagner.
J. Cosgrove.
Richard Brown (a Delaware Indian).
Gregorio Madrid (a Mexican).
Jesus Garcia, "
George Simms (colored man).

May 10, 1853. The train started from Westport in the afternoon, with directions to proceed to Council Grove, and await our arrival there. Mr. Beale accompanied it a few miles into the prairie, and returned after dark.

With a view to making a rapid trip, we had dispensed with everything that was not absolutely necessary for our wants; and our outfit, therefore, was of the simplest description.

May 15. All our arrangements being completed, we started from Westport at 3 P. M. A party of ladies and gentlemen accompanied us a few miles into the prairie, and drank a "stirrup cup" of champagne to the success of our journey. The weather was bright and clear, and, after a pleasant ride of twelve miles over prairies enamelled with flowers, we encamped at thirty minutes after six P. M. on Indian Creek, a tributary of the Kanzas, fringed with a thick growth of cottonwoods and willows. Day's march, 12 miles.

May 16. Moved camp at 5 A. M. The morning was cloudy. George Simms, who superintended the culinary department, procured milk from a neighboring Caw Indian's hut, which, with dried buffalo tongue, enabled us to make a hearty breakfast. An excellent and well-beaten road, as broad and smooth as a turnpike, led us through a green rolling prairie. Although we saw many prairie hens and plovers, we were too impatient to overtake our train to waste time in shooting them. Arrived at 9 hours 30 min. A. M. at Bull Creek, twenty-three miles, where we found two log-huts, good water and grass, and some cottonwood and willow trees.

After a short rest, we continued on to Garfish Camp, twenty-two miles, over a rolling prairie, covered with rich herbage—but noticed little timber. Passed many water-holes. The weather was cool, with a pleasant southerly wind. Around our encampment the grass was knee-high, but no wood was found nearer than half a mile; a few dry bushes, eked out with "buffalo chips," sufficed to prepare our supper. The Santa Fé mail stage was stopping here when we arrived, and proceeded on its way to Independence shortly after. Day's march, 45 miles; total distance from Westport, 57 miles.

May 17. The morning was ushered in with the wind from the southward, ladened with heavy clouds, and accompanied by occasional showers of rain. Mr. Beale went in search of a mule, which had drawn her picket-pins in the night, and taken the "back track" towards Westport; but, after a ride of seven miles he was compelled to relinquish the pursuit. Numerous prairie wolves surrounded the camp all night. Arrived at "One Hundred and Ten" at 45 minutes after 10 A. M. The wind veered to southeast, still accompanied by rain, and the weather was cold and unpleasant. "One Hundred and Ten" is so named from its being at that distance from Fort Leavenworth. This hamlet is composed of a few log-houses situated in a hollow, near a small stream shaded by cottonwoods. The inhabitants are Shawnees, but at this time nearly all the men were absent; the women appeared neat and respectable. Prairie hens and plovers were numerous; but we were still too near the settlements for nobler game. Continued our route at 1 P. M.; the road still led over a beautiful rolling country, the grass good, and occasional pools of water. At 4 P. M. encamped at Dragoon Creek, after a ride of twelve miles. It is a small brook, well shaded by cottonwoods and oaks, and grass grows luxuriantly on its banks. A few Caw Indians at this place came into our camp hoping to exchange horses with us, and were quite disappointed at our refusal to trade. They were fine-looking men, well proportioned, and athletic. The chief, whose portrait I offered to sketch, seemed delighted with the idea, and hastened to his camp for his rifle, which he was more anxious to have correctly represented than himself. He presented us a paper with a very complacent air, evidently thinking that it contained strong recommendations of his tribe, and himself in particular. It was written by some mischievous emigrant, who advised all travellers to beware of this great chief, who was none other than a great rascal, and great beggar. We did not undeceive him as to its contents, and he left us, seeming perfectly satisfied with the impression he had created. Day's travel, 35 miles; distance from Westport, 92 miles.

May 18. We had a severe thunder and rain storm, which lasted all night; the wind blew strong from the southward, and the lightning was incessant and vivid. One of those balls of fire which sometimes descend to the earth during violent thunderstorms, fell and exploded in our midst. The mules, already terrified by the constant peals of thunder, became frantic with fear; and when this vivid light was seen, accompanied with a report like the crack of a rifle, neither picket-pins nor hobbles could hold them; they rushed through the camp overturning everything in their course—their ropes and halters lashing right and left, and increasing their panic. They were stopped by an elbow of the creek, where they were found a few minutes after, huddled together, and quivering with fear. It was fortunate for us that they did not take to the open prairie, as we would have had much difficulty in recovering them. This was our first experience in a *stampede*, and to prevent a recurrence of such accidents we after this placed the animals in the centre, and, dividing our party into twos and threes, slept in a circle around them. By using such precautions we were never subjected to this annoyance again, except once, after entering the country of the Utahs. At dawn, the wind veered to the westward, and blew very cold. Before sunrise, we resumed our journey, and in twelve miles crossed a fine clear stream, and in fourteen miles reached another. A ride of twenty-five miles brought us to a hollow, where, finding good water, we encamped. Resting but a short time we continued our journey, and in ten miles, over a rich rolling country, arrived at Council Grove, where our train was waiting for us.

Council Grove is situated in a rich grassy bottom, well watered, and heavily timbered. It is a settlement of about twenty frame and log houses, and scattered up and down the stream are several Indian villages. At a short distance from the road is a large and substantially built Methodist mission-house, constructed of limestone, which is found here in inexhaustible quantities. This stone is excellent as a building material, and lies in strata of from six inches to three feet in thickness: lintels and arches are made of it as it is extracted from the quarries, which extend for fifteen miles up the stream. Day's march, 32 miles; total distance, 122 miles.

May 19. We now considered ourselves fairly embarked on our journey, for until leaving Council Grove we felt as if we were still within the boundaries of civilization. Even the huts which we passed occasionally on the road, though inhabited only by Indians, removed that sense of utter loneliness which impresses the traveller upon the boundless prairie. Mr. Beale had selected only such men as were inured by long habit to the privations and hardships which we expected to encounter. One, the Delaware, was an experienced hunter, and to his unerring rifle we owed, during the journey, many abundant repasts, when otherwise we would have been upon short allowance.

While at Council Grove, we had some mules shod, and the provisions that had been consumed on the journey from Westport, were replaced. The animals having been well packed, and our arms and ammunition inspected, we bid adieu to Council Grove in the morning, and after a pleasant ride of seventeen miles encamped near water in a hollow on the roadside. The weather was fine, a cool breeze refreshing the air. Some prairie hens, ducks, and plovers were shot. In the afternoon, after travelling fifteen miles, we encamped near the "Lost Spring." The grass along the road was good, and we passed several pools which probably dry up in midsummer.

Since our departure from Westport we had seen many graves on each side of the road, and some of the camping-places had the appearance of village graveyards. The cholera raged on the plains a few years ago, occasioning a fearful mortality, and these mounds remain to attest its ravages. Through carelessness or haste, they were often too shallow to protect their contents from the wolves, and it frequently happened that he who in the morning was hastening forward in health and spirits towards the golden bourn, was ere night a mangled corpse, his bones scattered, by the savage hunger of the wolf, over the plain.

It was now deemed prudent to keep guard, as we were approaching Indian hunting-grounds, and were liable at any moment to meet a predatory band. Eight of the party kept watch, each man being relieved every hour. Day's march, 32 miles; distance from Westport, 154 miles.

May 20. The night was cold and frosty. Started soon after sunrise, and, after travelling sixteen miles, encamped on Cottonwood Creek; a pretty brook, lined with cottonwood and oak trees, and alive with small fish, some of which were caught with a hook and line.

Resumed our march at noon, and travelled over a flat uninteresting country with little water. This day saw antelope for the first time. Met Major Rucker, and Lieutenants Heath and Robinson on their way from New Mexico to Fort Leavenworth. They informed us that at a short distance in advance of us were large bands of buffalo. Encamped, as the sun was setting, on a brook called Turkey Creek, where we found an abundant supply of water, but no wood. We here overtook Mr. Antoine Leroux, on his way to Taos, and considered ourselves fortunate in securing the services of so experienced a guide. He did not join us at once, as he was desirous of seeing his train safely over one or two bad places in advance of us, but promised to overtake us in a day or two. Day's march, 35 miles; distance from Westport, 189 miles.

May 21. Raised camp at sunrise, and after a ride of thirty miles stopped to noon on the Little Arkansas. This stream is difficult to cross during a continuance of heavy rains, but has little water in it at this season. Passed good water and grass in twelve miles from last camp.

We were all on the lookout for buffaloes. It was five days since we had left Westport, and as yet our eyes had not been gladdened by the sight of even one. Hoping to fall in with them more readily by diverging from the beaten track, I left the party soon after sunrise, and turning to the left, went a few miles in the direction of the Arkansas. After a ride of two hours, I observed afar off many dark objects which resembled trees skirting the horizon, but, after a closer scrutiny, their change of position convinced me that they were buffaloes. I slowly approached them, and, in order to obtain a nearer view without giving them the alarm, dismounted, and, urging my horse forwards, concealed myself behind him. I thus got within a hundred yards of the herd. Bands of antelope and prairie wolves were intermingled with the buffaloes, who had come down to a rivulet to drink. Of the latter some were fighting, others wallowing, drinking, or browsing. I was just congratulating myself upon my *ruse* in getting so near to them, this being my first sight of these noble animals, when my horse, suddenly raising his head, uttered such a sonorous neigh as put the whole troop to flight. Away they galloped, one band after another taking the alarm, until the whole herd, numbering several thousand, was in motion, and finally disappeared in clouds of dust. Despairing of getting such another opportunity for a shot, I reluctantly turned my horse's head in the direction where I supposed the rest of the party to be. A few hours' ride brought me back to them. They too had fallen in with buffaloes, and, in their eagerness to secure the first prize, each man had taken two or three shots at a straggling old bull, an exile from the herd; he fell, pierced with twenty-three balls. He was, however, too old and tough to be eaten, and was left for his friends the cayotes.

Buffaloes now became such an ordinary occurrence that the novelty soon wore off, and we had more humps, tongues, and marrow-bones than the greatest gourmand could have desired.

In the afternoon travelled ten miles to Owl Creek, one of the head-waters of the Neosho, where we found good grass and timber, but no water. Passed many pools, much muddied by buffaloes. Mr. Leroux joined us here, but remained behind again to see his train across this creek.

Early in the evening, another rain and thunderstorm broke over us, and lasted all night; the grass, and everything metallic, threw off sparks of electricity; the rain descended in torrents, and it was with difficulty that a fire could be kindled. A more unpromising prospect could scarcely be imagined. Some endeavored to secure the packs and provisions, whilst others, stoically resigning themselves to their fate, wrapped their dripping blankets around them, and slept in spite of the storm. Day's march, 40 miles; distance from Westport, 229 miles.

May 22. Moved camp without breakfast, for, notwithstanding the rain, no water for making coffee had been caught. The day broke clear and bright, and large bands of buffaloes being in our vicinity, Mr. Beale and myself went out for a hunt. On ascending the ridge which inclosed the bottom in which we were encamped, long lines of these animals could be seen quite near, walking with solemn tread, and occasionally stopping to browse or to roll; but, as we approached them to windward, they soon took the alarm, and, wheeling round, galloped off to rejoin the scattered herds in the plain. We rode some distance down the deep bed of Owl Creek, and having got to leeward of a large herd, endeavored to approach them in the Indian manner, by creeping on our hands and knees. By approaching them to leeward, and remaining perfectly motionless whenever they raise their heads to sniff the air, or evince any alarm, hunters have succeeded in getting sufficiently near to strike them with their ramrods. We, however, could only get within rifle-shot, and Mr. Beale wounding one, though not mortally, he made his escape with the rest of the band. Indians, in chasing the buffalo, use only the most practised horses; guiding them with their knees, their long lances ready for use, they rush at full speed in the midst of a herd, and piercing the animal under the shoulder, so as to penetrate the heart, they leave him to fall, and continue the chase, often killing ten or twelve in the course of a single run.

We had already overtaken and passed several large wagon and cattle trains from Texas and Arkansas, mostly bound to California. With them were many women and children; and it was pleasant to stroll into their camps in the evening and witness the perfect air of comfort and being-at-home that they presented. Their wagons drawn up in a circle, gave them at least an appearance of security; and within the inclosure the men either reclined around the camp-fires, or were busy in repairing their harness or cleaning their arms. The females milked the cows and prepared the supper; and we often enjoyed the hot cakes and fresh milk which they invited us to partake of. Tender infants in their cradles were seen under the shelter of the wagons, thus early inured to hard travel. Carpets and rocking-chairs were drawn out, and, what would perhaps shock some of our fine ladies, fresh-looking girls, whose rosy lips were certainly never intended to be defiled by the vile weed, sat around the fire, smoking the old-fashioned corn-cob pipe.

Although Mr. Beale and myself overtook camp at a late hour, we travelled a few miles farther, and encamped for the night on Walnut Creek, an insignificant brook at this season, but which is difficult to cross after rains. This is the point at which emigrants to Oregon and California, from Texas and Arkansas, generally strike this road. They prefer the route which leads them through the South Pass—to the one on the Gila, or Cooke's route, where little or no timber or water are found for long distances. Mr. Leroux again rejoined us here with the intention of remaining with us. In the evening, the Delaware brought in the humps, tongues, and marrow-bones of two fat buffalo cows. Day's march, 42 miles; distance from Westport, 271 miles.

May 23. We were again on the road at sunrise, and travelled thirty-one miles to the Pawnee Fork of the Arkansas. The sun was excessively hot, but towards noon its heat was tempered by a pleasant breeze from the northwest; crossed many gullies, which carry water only after heavy rains. We passed, on the right of the road, a remarkable *butte*, or spur of the hills, projecting into the plain, and presenting a broad surface of smooth rock, thickly inscribed with names. This landmark is known as "The Pawnee Rock."

In twenty miles from last camp, we came to a well-wooded ravine, after which the country became more undulating. Pawnee Fork was swollen and turbid from the late rains, but we got good water from a spring near the camp. The Delaware brought in a fine antelope and a hare, and during our noon camp shot an old buffalo cow, much bitten by wolves.

Encamped in the evening near a pond on the roadside, where we found good pasturage, but no wood; *bois de vache* served us for fuel. Just before dark an enormous wolf boldly trotted into camp, but a ball from the Delaware's rifle sent him scouring over the plains, minus a leg. Several bands surrounded camp all night, keeping up a dismal howling. Day's march, 40 miles; distance from Westport, 311 miles.

May 24. Travelled steadily from 5½ A. M. until noon, when we encamped near a water-hole on the roadside. The country was flat and uninteresting. Passed through many prairie-dog villages, whose active little inhabitants sat in their holes, with only their heads appearing above the surface, barking at us with the appearance of great wrath at our intrusion. Saw several bands of antelopes and wolves; but all the buffaloes had disappeared. Resumed our journey at 5 P. M., and traversed level plains, devoid of interest, until 9 P. M., when we reached the Arkansas. It was quite dark when we encamped, and we spread our blankets without supper. The rain commenced falling at midnight, and continued until morning, accompanied by a high wind. We were, of course, far from comfortable, having no shelter whatever from the storm; but to Mr. Leroux, who was taken suddenly ill, this inclement weather was particularly distressing. He was attacked with pleurisy, and his sufferings were so great that he felt convinced that this place would be his grave. Day's march, 45 miles; total distance from Westport, 356 miles.

May 25. We were glad to saddle up at sunrise, and in five miles reached Fort Atkinson, where Major Johnson, the officer in command, gave us a cordial reception. Several large bands of Indians, of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe tribes were congregated around the fort, awaiting the arrival of Major Fitzpatrick, Indian Agent, whom they daily expected. As it continued to rain without intermission all day, we concluded to pass the night in the fort, where Major Johnson had provided comfortable accommodations for us. Orders had just been received to remove this post to Pawnee Fork of the Arkansas, one hundred miles nearer the settlements. It will there be of very little service, for it is already too near to the frontiers. The timber at Pawnee Fork being mostly cottonwoods, it is not suitable for building purposes; though at Fort Atkinson there is none whatever nearer than fifteen miles; and it was with some difficulty that we obtained a few small logs for our men, who were encamped at a short distance, under tents, borrowed from the fort. All the houses are in a dilapidated condition; a few are built of adobes (sun-dried bricks), but the greater part are constructed of sods. Emigrants frequently stop here to settle their difficulties with Indians, and with each other, Major Johnson administering justice in a prompt and impartial manner. A few days before our arrival, a quarrel having occurred between a party of emigrants and some Cheyenne Indians, which ended in blows, Major Johnson, upon investigation, finding that an American was the aggressor, immediately ordered him back to the States. Mr. Leroux being still too ill to continue the journey, remained here under the care of the surgeon of the post; and Mr. W. Riggs, desiring to return to the States, took leave of us at this point. Day's travel, 5 miles; whole distance, 361 miles.

May 26. Although it still continued to rain, we left Fort Atkinson at noon, and travelled up the left bank of the Arkansas. The trail from Independence to Santa Fé crosses the Arkansas ten miles above Fort Atkinson; and there is another crossing five miles higher up. The rain continued without intermission, and at 7 P. M. we encamped, after a rapid ride of thirty-five miles. Found but little wood, which was difficult to kindle, and made a wretched supper. The rain poured on us all night without cessation, completely saturating our blankets. The Arkansas was rising fast. Day's march, 35 miles; making 396 from Westport.

May 27.—Heavy rain all night; raised camp at 6.30 A. M., and until nine o'clock our route was up the left bank of the Arkansas. The country offered no variety. The river bottom in which we travelled was very sloppy from the late rains; coarse grass we found in abundance. It is not as nourishing as the drier grass of the prairie, which the mules are more partial to. We passed during the morning several large parties of emigrants for California with cattle. Their stock was in good condition, and travelled steadily at the rate of fifteen miles a day. Encamped near an emigrant train at noon to dry our packs and clean our arms. We had killed some ducks, which, with milk and butter from the emigrants, enabled us to make an excellent dinner. Day's march, 20 miles; total distance, 416 miles.

May 28.—It rained lightly all night. Started at 6 A. M., and travelled up the left bank of the Arkansas nineteen miles over a rolling country. The constant emigration on this route has destroyed nearly all the timber on the left bank of the Arkansas. The emigrants burn more wood than they need, and frequently by their carelessness destroy much valuable timber, as well as set fire to the prairies. There are many cottonwood trees on the islands of the Arkansas, and on its right bank. Encamped on an island formed by the rise of the river. The Delaware killed a fine antelope and some ducks. Went twelve miles farther in the afternoon, and encamped on an island (Chouteau's Island). The river was everywhere fordable. On the left shore, opposite to us, was a large emigrant train, whose cattle were in splendid condition; they supplied us abundantly with milk. The country over which we travelled this day was broken, with low hills and dry ravines running towards the river. They had some cottonwood trees in them, also large quantities of drift-wood, showing that they discharge much water during rains, and come from a comparatively wooded country. Day's travel, 31 miles; 447 from Westport.

May 29.—At sunrise, recrossed the river to its left bank; grass still coarse and rank. The water of the Arkansas is very similar in color and taste to that of the Missouri. As we coasted up the left bank the grass became coarser and scantier. Passed a singular slaty mound on the right of the road, resembling a pyramid in ruins. Encamped at noon near a slough of the river. There was no wood near enough for use; but the general resource in such cases on the plains was scattered in abundance around us. The sun was very hot, but at times tempered by a light breeze from the northwestward. A wagon and cattle train of emigrants encamped near us. In the afternoon, we ascended the river eight miles, and encamped near the stream in coarse, wiry grass, as in fact it has been for several days past. The country a few miles from the river has scanty grass and dry arid soil. In the evening, we had a large company of emigrants on each side of us. Day's travel, 36 miles; whole distance, 483 miles.

May 30.—Raised camp soon after sunrise, and after travelling twenty miles, encamped in the "Big Timbers" on the Arkansas. The grass on the plains was coarse, and not very abundant on the river. This place is a favorite resort of the Indians in winter. They here find a good shelter from the bitterly cold winds which then sweep over these plains, and their horses can always pick up a living along the river. This grove of cottonwoods extends for several miles. They are large and grow close together. The weather was cloudy in the morning, but clear at noon; wind southwest. We passed this morning two wagon and cattle trains for California *via* Great Salt Lake. Washington Trainor, of California, with a large number of cattle, and about fifty fine horses and mules, camped near us. We travelled twelve miles in the afternoon, and encamped at 7 P.M. The country had become more interesting and rolling, and we had occasionally beautiful views of the Arkansas. The grass improved as we ascended the river, and we had now an abundance of timber, particularly where we encamped for the night. We passed in the afternoon the old trading-post established by Hatcher for the convenience of trading in winter with the Indians at the "Big Timbers." This place was abandoned when Bent's Fort was given up, and is now in ruins. Saw many deer, but killed only a few ducks. Day's travel, 32 miles; total distance, 515 miles.

May 31. Swarms of mosquitoes prevented much sleep. Thunder and lightning north and south of us all night. Started at sunrise; the sky was clear and weather cool, with a bracing wind from the northwest; in a few hours it veered to the southwest. At ten o'clock, we had our first view of the Spanish Peaks, distant about seventy miles. Travelled up the left bank of the Arkansas, and obtained at times several picturesque views of the river, which is occasionally hemmed in by rocky cliffs. The country was more rolling, stony, and dry than on the preceding day. Saw many deer and antelopes. At ten o'clock, we passed the mouth of Purgatoire River, flowing into the Arkansas from the southwestward. Beds of excellent coal have been discovered on this stream, which will be of inestimable value hereafter. At twelve, encamped on "Lower Dry Creek," where we found scanty dry grass and water in pools. The Delaware brought in two fine antelopes. Travelled ten miles in the afternoon, and encamped three miles above Bent's Fort. We rode all through the ruins, which present a strange appearance in these solitudes. A few years ago this post was frequented by numerous trappers and Indians, and at times exhibited a scene of wild confusion. It is now roofless;

for when the United States refused to purchase it, the proprietors set it on fire to prevent its becoming a harbor for Indians. The adobe walls are still standing, and are in many places of great thickness. They were covered with written messages from parties who had already passed here to their friends in the rear; they all stated that their herds were in good condition, and progressing finely. Day's march, 35 miles; distance from Westport, 550 miles.

June 1. The weather in the morning was pleasant, and the wind from the northwest cooled by passing over the snow-clad peaks of the Rocky Mountains. According to our maps, we were now within an easy day's travel of the mouth of the Huerfano (Orphan's River), and were impatient to reach that point, as we there intended to diverge from the beaten track, and, leaving the Arkansas behind us, traverse the plains lying between that river and the base of the Spanish Peaks, Sangre de Cristo Mountains, and the Sierra Mojada.

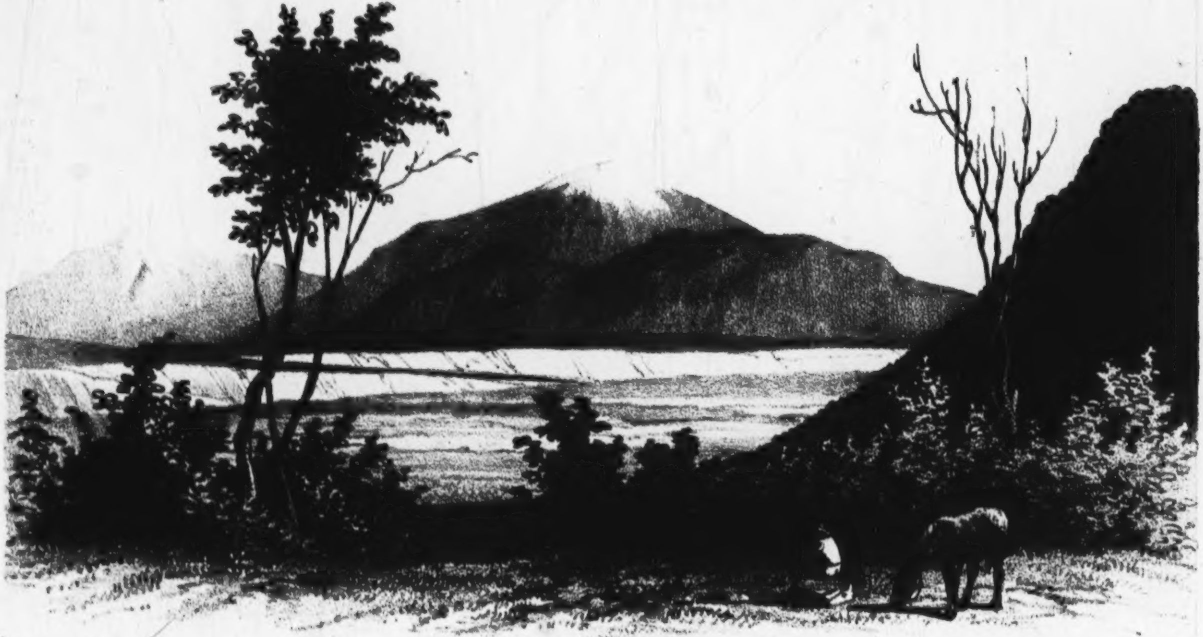
Started before sunrise; the road leading occasionally on the Arkansas bottom, but more frequently over the upper plain. The bottom was covered with an abundance of coarse grass, whereas, on the plain, it was scanty, and in bunches. Proceeding four miles we crossed Upper Dry Creek, which is seven miles from Bent's Fort; and, in twelve more, passed a large pond. Many large bands of antelope and deer bounded away on either side as we advanced. At half-past twelve we ascended a remarkable spur, which projects into the river-bottom, and can be seen for fifteen miles below; it bears northeast from the Spanish Peaks. From this point we could mark the course of Timpas Creek from the mountains to its junction with the Arkansas. On the right bank of the Timpas, near its mouth, are several singular buttes, two of which are conical, and the remainder flat-topped. Our noon camp was two miles below the Timpas, and about twenty-eight above Bent's Fort. As this was the distance from Bent's Fort at which the mouth of the Huerfano was placed on our maps, we expected to reach it before dark; but found that we would have to travel sixteen or seventeen miles farther up the Arkansas. In fact, from this point until we reached the Mormon settlement on Little Salt Lake, we could place no reliance on the maps. Crossed the Arkansas one mile above the mouth of the Timpas, and had no difficulty in fording it, though, without due caution, animals are liable to get entangled in quicksands. The grass on the plains west of the Arkansas was more abundant and of a better quality than that on the side we had just left; there was also much grama grass and cactus. The water of the Timpas, which was found in holes only, was cool, but slightly brackish. The night was bright and starry, and illuminated during part of the evening by a beautiful aurora borealis. Day's travel, 30 miles; distance from Westport, 580 miles.

June 2. Left the Timpas at early dawn, and discerned at a distance of fifteen miles several high buttes, bearing due west, in a line with the southern end of the Sierra Mojada; towards these we now directed our course. The country was gradually rolling towards the buttes, and covered with abundant bunch grass; the prickly pear, or cactus, which grows in clusters close to the ground, was at times very distressing to our mules; their constant efforts to avoid treading on this annoying plant gave them an uneasy, jerking gait, very harassing to their riders during a long day's march. Upon reaching the summit of the buttes, a magnificent and extensive panorama was opened to our view. The horizon was bounded on the north by Pike's Peak, northwest and west by the Sierra Mojada, Sangre de Cristo Mountains, and Spanish Peaks; to the south and east extended the prairie, lost in the hazy distance. On the gently undulating plains, reaching to the foot of the mountains, could be traced the courses of the Arkansas and Sage Creek by their lines of timber. The Apispah, an affluent of the Arkansas, issuing from the Sierra Mojada, was concealed from sight by a range of intervening buttes, while the object of our search, the Huerfano, flowed at our feet, distant about three miles, its course easy to be distinguished from the point where it issued from the mountains to its junction with the Arkansas, except at short intervals, where it passed through cañons in the plain. Pike's Peak, whose head was capped with eternal snows, was a prominent object in the landscape, soaring high above all neighboring summits.

Descending the buttes to the Huerfano, we encamped on it about five miles above its mouth. A bold and rapid stream, its waters were turbid, but sweet and cool; the river-bottom was broad, and thickly wooded with willows and cottonwoods,

Pl. II.

P. 27.



G. H. Heap del.

Lith. of P.S. Duval & Co. Phil.

SPANISH PEAKS.

Huerfano Butte

interlaced with the wild rose and grape-vine, and carpeted with soft grass—a sylvan paradise. This stream was about twenty-five yards in breadth, and five feet deep close to the bank. Bands of antelope and deer dotted the plain, one of which served us for supper, brought down by the unerring rifle of Dick, the Delaware.

This camp was to us a scene of real enjoyment; a long and tedious march, over plains of unvarying sameness, was over, and we were now on the eve of entering upon a new and unexplored country, which promised to the admirers of nature a rich and ever-varying treat. The hunters of the party also looked forward with impatience to reaching the mountains, where game of every description was said to abound, and where it would not be necessary to exercise the great patience and perseverance, without which it is difficult to approach deer and antelope on the plains; the Delaware possessed both these requisites in perfection, and gave us daily proofs of his skill. We noticed, whilst travelling along the same route with emigrants, that although game was at times comparatively scarce near the road, it was not owing to the number they destroyed, but rather to the constant *fusillade* which they kept up on everything living, from a buffalo to a goffer, and from a grouse to a blackbird.

In the afternoon, we continued up the Huerfano about a mile, and crossed over to the left bank; the ford was good and but three feet deep. Fine grama grass grew on the upper plain on each side of the river, and an abundance of rich grass on the bottom land. A large growth of cottonwoods line the banks of this stream for twelve miles above its mouth, though higher up it is not so heavily timbered. It is hemmed in at intervals by picturesque bluffs of sandstone.

The following are the bearings of the mouth of the Huerfano; Pike's Peak, northwest; northern Spanish Peak, south-southwest; southern Spanish Peak, south by west. General course of the river, from southwest to northeast. Day's journey, 28 miles; total, 608 miles.

CHAPTER II.

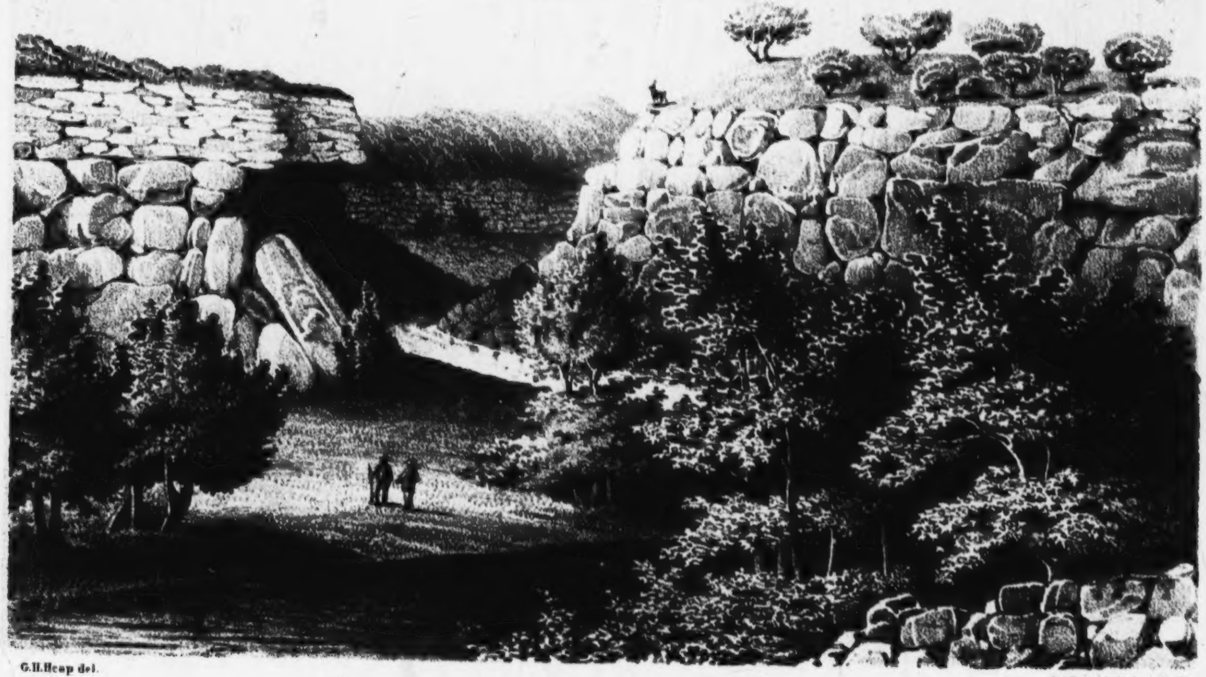
ROUTE FROM HUERFANO RIVER TO COOCHATOPE PASS.

June 3. Our camp the preceding night was a mile below the lower end of the cañon through which the Huerfano forces a passage; this chasm is about ten miles in length, and the ground on each side is much cut up by deep and rocky ravines running into it. I rode up to its entrance to sketch; the scenery was wild and beautiful; wild turkeys flew away at my approach, and the startled deer rose from their beds in the grass at the bottom of the cañon, making their escape up a ravine to the plain. A line of bluffs runs parallel to the Huerfano on the west from two to five miles distant, and wagons should travel at their base to avoid the broken ground nearer the stream; a thick growth of dwarf pines and cedars covers their summits. The wagon trail from the Greenhorn and Hardscrabble settlements on the upper Arkansas approaches the Huerfano below this cañon, leaves it there, and returns to it above.

After a ride of twenty-four miles up the left bank we encamped to noon on a gully where we found water in rocky hollows; the pasturage was excellent, as in fact it had been since reaching the Huerfano, for we had not seen better since leaving Council Grove. The scenery, as we approached the country between the Spanish Peaks and the Sierra Mojada, was picturesque and beautiful; mountains towered high above us, the summits of some covered with snow, while the dense forests of dark pines which clothed their sides, contrasted well with the light green of the meadows near their base. All day, heavy clouds had been gathering on the mountain-tops, portending a storm; at noon it broke, covering them with snow, and soon after swept over the plains. Here it rained in torrents, accompanied by a westerly wind, which blew with such fury as to

Pl. III.

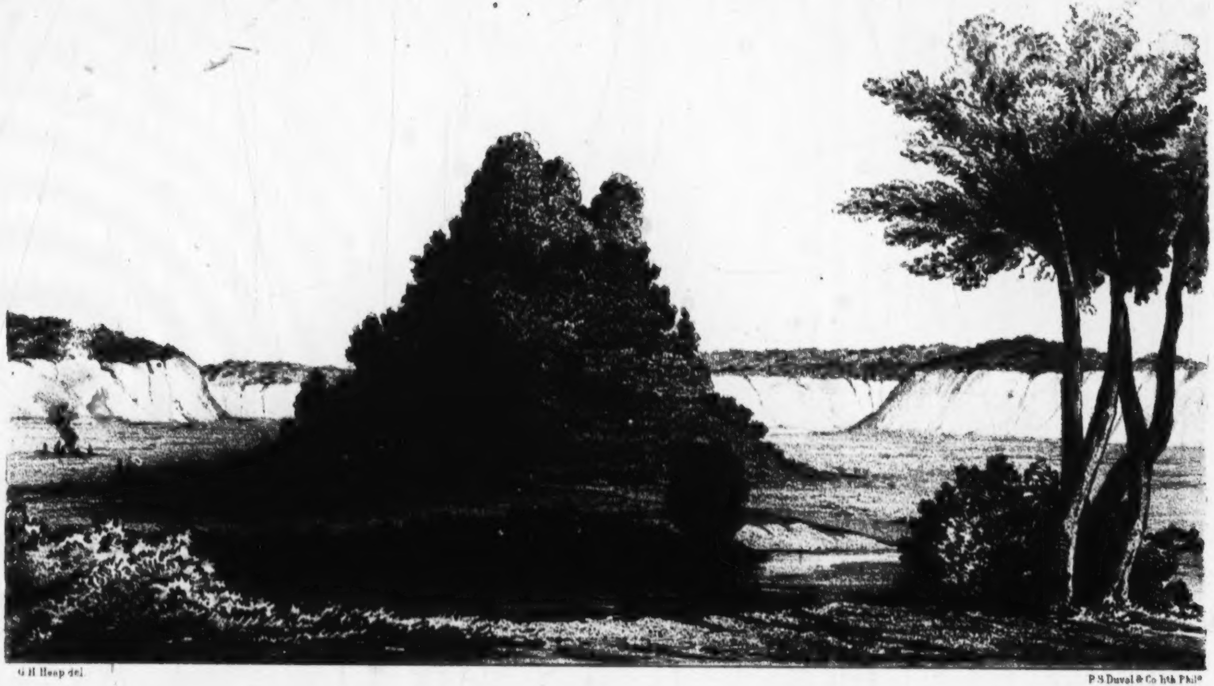
P. 28.



G.H.Heap del.

P.S.Duval & Co. Lith. Phil^a

LOWER MOUTH OF HUERFANO CAÑON.



G H Heap del.

P S Duval & Co lith Phil^a

HUERFANO BUTTE.

render it impossible for man or beast to face it; at the crossing of Apache Creek, a small affluent of the Huerfano, we were compelled to turn our backs to the gale and wait patiently for its subsidence. Long before the rain had ceased on the plains, the mountain tops were again glittering in the setting sun, the newly fallen snow sparkling in his beams, tinged with a rosy hue. Soon after dark we encamped on the Huerfano, in the midst of luxuriant grass. Our packs and bedding had got wet, the ground was spongy and boggy, and, although the rain had ceased, a heavy dew fell during the night, which completely saturated us; we made our beds in deep mud. About a mile beyond our camping place stood the Huerfano Butte, which is so prominent a landmark. Day's march, 34 miles; total distance from Westport, 642 miles.

June 4. I rode ahead of camp, to Huerfano Butte, a remarkable mound, bearing north from the southernmost Spanish Peak, and about fifty yards from the right bank of the river; its appearance was that of a huge artificial mound of stones, covered half-way up from its base with a dense growth of bushes. It is probably of volcanic origin, and there are many indications in this region of the action of internal fires.

Our ride to-day was full of interest, for we were now approaching the Sangre de Cristo Pass, in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. We had been travelling for eighteen days, over an uninterrupted plain, until its monotony had become extremely wearisome. The mountain scenery, which we entered soon after raising camp this morning, was of the most picturesque description. We crossed the Huerfano seven miles above the Butte; at this point it issues from a cañon one hundred and fifty yards in length; above it the valley, watered by the Huerfano, forms a beautiful plain of small extent, surrounded by lofty and well-wooded mountains; numerous rills trickle down their sides, irrigate the plain, and join their waters to those of the Huerfano, which are here clear and cold. We did not enter this valley, but left the H. after crossing it, and followed up the bed of one of its tributaries, the Cuchada, a small brook rising near the summit of the Sangre de Cristo Pass. This small valley of the Huerfano contains about six hundred acres, and forms a most ravishing picture; it would be a good place for recruiting cattle after their weary march across the plains, as they would be perfectly secure and sheltered, and the pasturage is excellent. This, however, is the case all through these mountains, for waving grass, gemmed with flowers of every hue, covers them to their summits, except in the region of snow. The Cuchada led us up a succession of valleys of an easy grade. We were now travelling on an Indian trail; for the wagon trail, which I believe was made by Roubideau's wagons, deviated to the right, and went through the pass named after him. This pass is so low that we perceived through it a range of sand hills of moderate height, in San Luis valley; to have gone through it, however, would have occasioned us the loss of a day in reaching Fort Massachusetts, though it is the shortest and most direct route to the Coochatope; and Mr. Beale's views constrained him to take the most direct route to Fort Massachusetts, where he expected to obtain a guide through the unexplored country between New Mexico and Utah, and also to procure some mules. We were therefore very reluctantly compelled to forego the examination of Roubideau's Pass.

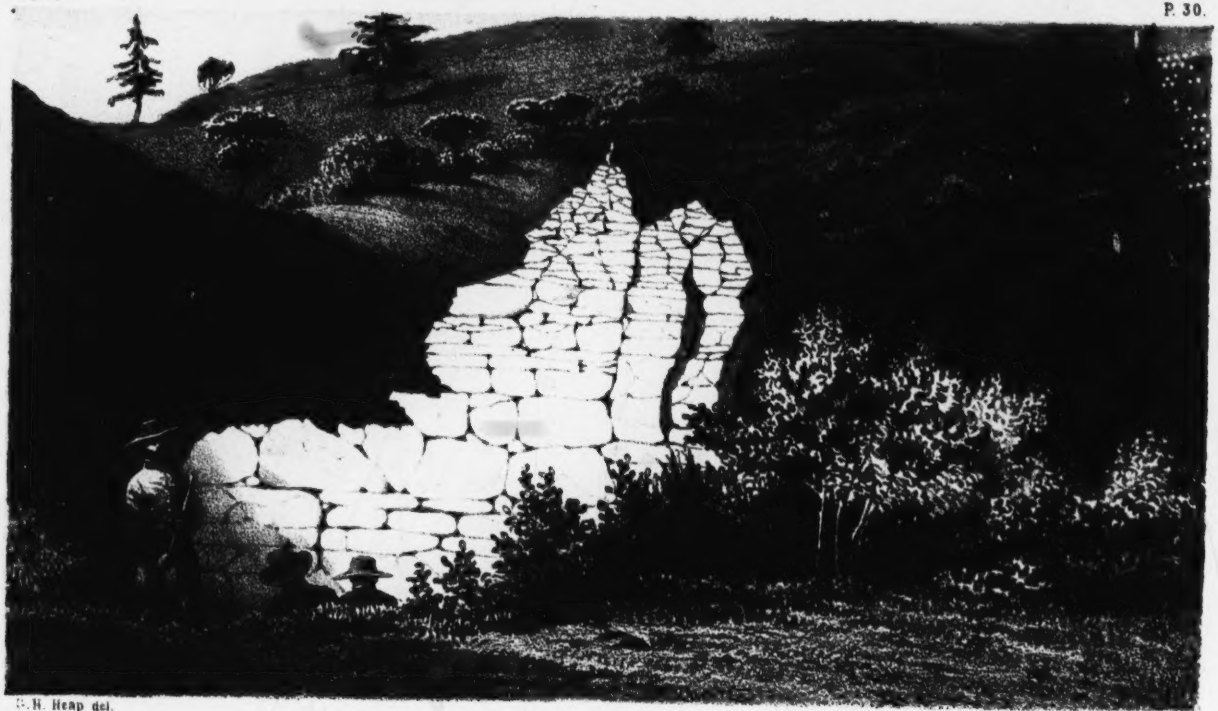
Encamped at noon at the foot of a remarkable rock, watered at its base by the Cuchada; it resembled the ruined front of a Gothic church. Encamped for the night six miles farther up the valley, and near the summit of the Sangre de Cristo Pass. An excellent wagon road might be made over these mountains, by the Sangre de Cristo Pass, and a still better one through Roubideau's.

The grass around our encampment was really magnificent; it was in a large mountain meadow, watered by numerous springs and girt in by dark pines. Through an opening in the mountains, to the eastward, we could see the sunny plains of the Arkansas and Huerfano, with its remarkable *butte*, whilst around us heavy clouds were collecting, giving warning of a storm and wet night. We made ourselves shelters and beds of pine boughs. The Delaware had killed a fat antelope, which furnished us a hearty supper; and we sat around our fire, until a late hour, well pleased with having accomplished in such good time and without accident the first stage of our journey, for we expected to reach Fort Massachusetts at an early hour next day. Day's march, 26 miles; total distance, 668 miles.

June 5. The rain fell at intervals all night, but the clouds

PL. V.

P. 30.



G. H. Heap del.

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FIRST CAMP.

In the Saugre de Cristo M^{ts}

dispersed before dawn, and the sun rose in a bright and clear sky; the plains, however, were concealed under a sea of snowy mist.

Continued our course to the southwestward through thick pine woods, and in one mile we reached the head waters of Sangre de Cristo Creek, flowing into the Del Norte after its junction with the Trinchera. The Sangre de Cristo mountains, and the Sierras Blanca and Mojada, were covered with snow. We followed down the Sangre de Cristo, which every moment increased in size, its clear and icy waters leaping over rocks, and the mountain sides were covered with tender grass, strawberry blossoms, and violets.

On our maps, the Sangre de Cristo is improperly named Indian Creek, which is a fork of the Sangre de Cristo, and is not named at all on them. Up Indian Creek, I am informed, there exists an excellent pass from San Luis valley to the plains on the eastern side of the mountains.

After crossing Indian Creek, we halted a few minutes to make our toilets previous to our arrival at Fort Massachusetts; and, although our hunter had just ridden into camp with a haunch of fat venison behind his saddle, and our appetites, which were at all times excellent, had been sharpened by a long mountain ride without breakfast, we were too impatient to reach the fort to lose time in camping. We arrived there late in the afternoon, and received a warm and hospitable welcome from Major Blake, the officer in command, Lieutenants Jackson and Johnson, and Dr. Magruder. An incipient rain-storm made us feel sensible that we were still in the vicinity of the Sierra Mojada (or Wet Mountains), which well merit the name, for rain fell every day that we were in or near them; on the highest peaks in the form of snow, and lower down in hazy moisture, alternating with drenching showers. This humidity gives great fertility to this region, and the country bordering on the sides of these mountains, as well as the valleys within their recesses, are unequalled in loveliness and richness of vegetation. To the settler, they offer every inducement; and I have no doubt that in a few years this tract of country will vie with California or Australia in the number of immigrants it will invite to it. It is by far the most beautiful as well as the most fertile portion of New Mexico, and a remarkably level country unites it with the western frontier of the Atlantic States. As soon as this is thrown open to settlement, a continuous line of farms will be established, by which the agricultural and mineral wealth of this region will be developed. Communication will then be more rapid, and instead of the mail being, as it is now, thirty days in reaching Fort Massachusetts, it will be carried through in eight or ten.

Messrs. Beale, Riggs, Rogers, and myself quartered at the Fort; the men encamped two miles below on Utah Creek, in a beautiful grove of cottonwoods. A tent was sent to them, and with fresh bread and meat they were soon rendered perfectly comfortable. There was excellent pasturage around their encampment, on which the mules soon forgot the hard marches they had made since leaving Westport. Day's travel, 25 miles; total distance from Westport to Fort Massachusetts, 693 miles.

June 14. As it was found impossible to obtain here the men and animals that we required, and that it would be necessary to go to Taos, and perhaps to Santa Fé, for this purpose, Mr. Beale and Major Blake left for the former place on the morning after our arrival at the fort. Taos is about eighty, and Santa Fé about one hundred and forty miles to the southward.

During our detention at Fort Massachusetts, I took frequent rides into the mountains on each side of it.

This post is situated in a narrow gorge through which the Utah rushes until it joins the Trinchera, and is a quadrangular stockade of pine log pickets, inclosing comfortable quarters for one hundred and fifty men, cavalry and infantry. Lofty and precipitous mountains surround it on three sides; and although the situation may be suitable for a grazing farm on account of the pasturage, and the abundance of good timber may render this a convenient point for a military station, it is too far removed from the general track of Indians to be of much service in protecting the settlements in San Luis valley from their insults and ravages. The Utahs, who infest the Sahwatch mountains, enter San Luis valley by the Carnero and Coochatope Passes from the westward, and by those of Del Punche, Del Medino, and Del Mosque from the northward and northeastward, and a post established at the head of the valley of San Luis would be much more effective in keeping these marauders in check, as it would there be able to prevent, if necessary, their descending into the valley in large numbers, and completely cut off their retreat with their booty. The valley of the Sahwatch, so rich in pasturage, so well adapted to tillage, and so abundantly watered and timbered, appears to offer the best position for a fort, and it would be as accessible from Taos as the post on the Utah, although the distance would of course be greater.

The cavalry at Fort Massachusetts numbered seventy-five men, of whom forty-five were mounted. Though their horses were excellently groomed and stabled, and kept in high condition on corn, at six dollars a bushel, they would soon break down on a march in pursuit of Indians mounted on horses fed on grass, and accustomed to gallop at half speed up or down the steepest hills. Corn-fed animals lose their strength when they are put on grass, and do not soon get accustomed to the change of diet. Of this fact the officers at the fort were perfectly sensible, and regretted that they were not better prepared for any sudden emergency.

The weather during our stay at the fort was cool and bracing; wind generally from the southwest, with frequent showers of rain.

Mr. Beale returned from the southern country late in the afternoon of this day, and brought with him a guide, and a Mexican *arriero* (muleteer); they were cousins, and both named Felipe Archilete. Jesus Garcia was discharged here, and Patrick Dolan, a soldier who had served out his time, hired in his place. Our party now numbered fourteen.

The guide, Felipe Archilete, or "Peg-Leg," for it was by this *sobriquet* that he was commonly known to Americans, deserves particular mention. He had spent the greater part of his life trading and trapping in the Indian country, and his accurate knowledge of the region between the Arkansas and Sevier River in Utah Territory, as well as his acquaintance with the Utah tongue, promised to render him of great service to us in the absence of Mr. Leroux. A few years ago, in a skirmish with the Utahs, he was wounded in the left ankle with a rifle ball, which completely crippled his foot, and compelled him to use at times a wooden leg, which he carried suspended to his waist. Notwithstanding his lameness, he was one of the most active men of the party, and was always the foremost in times of difficulty and danger.

During Mr. Beale's absence, I replenished our provisions from the sutler's store, and had a small supply of biscuit baked; a bullock which I purchased from the quartermaster, was cut up and jerked by the Delaware, and the mules were reshod, and a supply of spare shoes and nails obtained. They were completely rested, and in even better condition than when we started from Westport; after a general overhauling of the camp equipage by the men, everything was put in order for resuming our journey, as soon as Mr. Beale should return.

June 15. Bidding adieu to our kind friends at the fort, we resumed our journey at noon, and travelled down Utah Creek south-southwest, until it debouched in the valley of San Luis, when we altered our course to west by north. In six miles from Fort Massachusetts, we crossed the trail of Roubideau's wagons from the upper Arkansas settlements; they entered through Roubideau's Pass in the Sierra Mojada. After crossing it, our route led us over a level plain covered with artemisia, cacti, and patches of the nutritious grama. A ride of twenty-five miles brought us at dark to a slough of the Rio del Norte, where we encamped. Day's march, 25 miles; total distance from Westport, 718 miles.

June 16. Our animals were inclined to stray back to the fort, but by constant watchfulness during the night they were prevented from wandering too far from camp. We never hobbled nor picketed our mules, unless compelled to do so by circumstances, for it was noticed that when thus confined they did not eat as heartily as when allowed to range freely in search of the grass they preferred. It was the duty of the men on guard to prevent their straying, and this added much to our fatigue.

Having ascertained that our supply of lead was insufficient, Mr. Rogers and myself started at 4 A. M. to return to Fort Massachusetts to procure more. We crossed a spur of the mountains in a direct line to the fort, instead of going round by their base, thereby saving four or five miles of the distance. The trail was much obstructed by trees and brush; but we reached the fort at an early hour, and also avoided a very troublesome marsh, where some of our mules were mired the day before.

At the fort, we engaged Juan Lente as *arriero* (muleteer), and bought a mule for him. On returning to our last camping place, Lieut. Johnson gave us an escort of two dragoons. The weather was cool and pleasant in the morning, but warm in the afternoon. Having started from the fort at 2 P. M. we did not reach the slough on the Del Norte until 8½ P. M.

The camp had left in the morning, and had crossed the bottom lands of the Del Norte, eighteen miles in breadth; this crossing is at times difficult and dangerous on account of the numerous sloughs and marshes, which can be altogether avoided, however, by a circuit of a few miles.

Midway to the river they fell in with some Utah Indians, hunting wild horses; the Indians were the first to discover our party, and the foremost stood upright on his horse, in order to obtain a better view; he counted their number, and signalized his discovery with his gun to his comrades, who thereupon approached at full speed. They had their squaws with them and some children, all mounted on good horses, and were quite friendly. In the course of the day they lassoed a mustang, but strangled him in their eagerness to secure their prize. 18 miles; 736 miles.

June 17. Mr. Rogers and myself started at 3 A. M., and overtook our party at 8.30 A. M., as they were preparing to raise camp. We proceeded immediately on our journey, and coasting up the left bank of the Del Norte about ten miles, left it where it made a bend to the westward, directing our course north by west to the Sahwatch valley, the commencement of the Coochatope Pass. Before leaving the Del Norte, the Indians were asked whether there was water in the direction in which we were going; for the commencement of the Sahwatch valley was about thirty miles distant. They replied that we should find water and grass by going around by the foot of the mountains, but none by going direct. The circuitous route they recommended would have occupied us two days, whilst we hoped to accomplish the distance direct before night. Our red friends were unwilling to venture with us, and bade us farewell; we parted with them on friendly terms; they had spent the night in our camp, shared our supper and breakfast, and smoked our pipes.

The plain was as level as the sea to the foot of the mountains, which inclose San Luis valley. A low spur of hills to the northward, indicated the entrance to the valley of the Sahwatch. In fourteen miles from the point where we left the river, we crossed a fine brook of clear and cool water—the Rio de la Garita, which rises in the Sahwatch mountains, and, flowing east, discharges itself into a large lagoon at the base of the Sierra Mojada, in the northern part of the valley of San Luis. Its banks were swampy, and, although later in the season this inconvenience probably does not exist, wagons would do well to cross it nearer to the mountains on the left. Our course was in the face of a breeze which raised clouds of dust wherever the soil was loosened by our animals' feet, and those riding in the rear suffered much inconvenience from it. In ten miles from the Rio Garita, we came to an abundant spring, surrounded by good grass, where we rested but a moment to drink, though we had travelled steadily since morning without eating. Mr. Beale was anxious to reach the entrance of the Sahwatch valley before evening, and to regain some of the time which had been unavoidably lost at Fort Massachusetts. At the spring we found a trail leading to the Sahwatch valley, and as soon as our mules struck it they stepped out with fresh spirit. The valley of San Luis, to the commencement of the Sahwatch is singularly level, the smooth ground seeming only to have the natural curve of the earth. The only vegetation, excepting in the vicinity of water, was artemisia, cactus, and occasionally grama grass.

The valley of the Sahwatch has two entrances from that of San Luis. The one which we selected, on account of its being the nearest, is called by the Spaniards El Rincon del Sahwatch (the corner of the Sahwatch), as it forms a cut-off into Sahwatch valley proper. The main entrance is a few miles farther on. We went three miles up the Rincon, and encamped at sunset at a spring of excellent water, where our mules found fine pasturage. Mr. Rogers and myself rode sixty-eight miles this day, and fifty the day before; which I mention to show the facility of travelling in this region. Day's march, 50 miles; whole distance, 786 miles.

June 18. Mosquitos allowed us little rest. As our animals had had rather a long march the day before, camp was not raised until 8 A. M. For two and a half miles our course was west by north; we then turned to the northward over some steep hills, and, upon reaching their summit, obtained a

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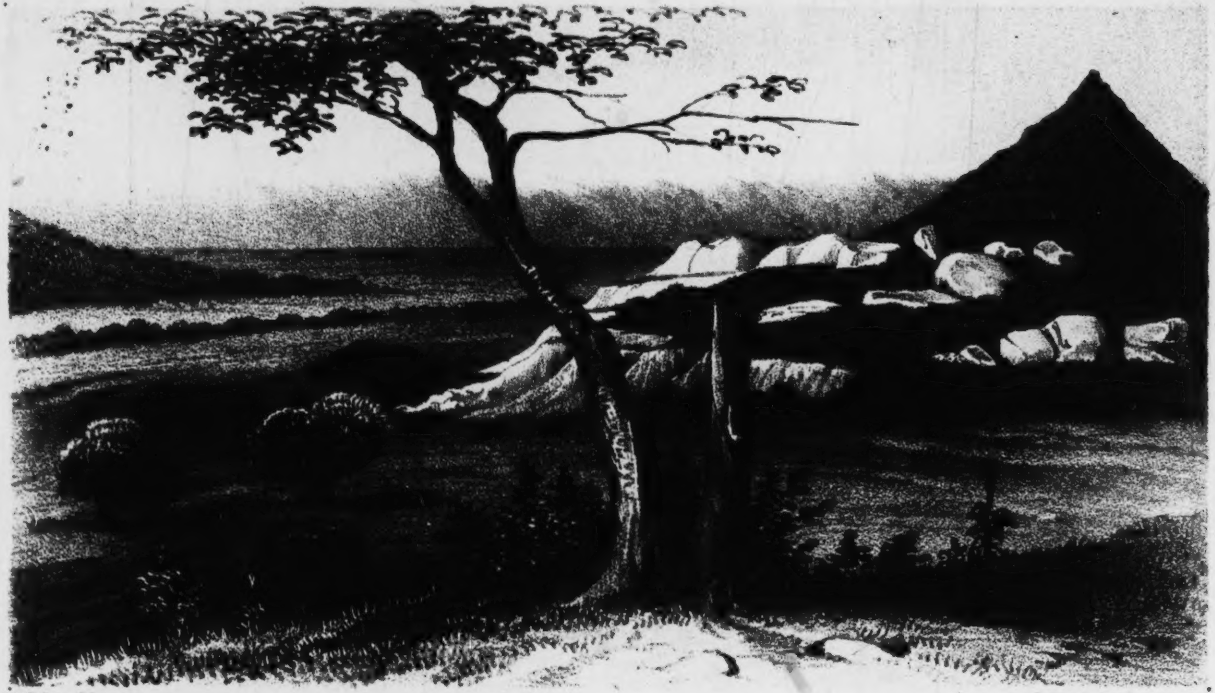
Pl. VI. P. 37



G. H. Heap del

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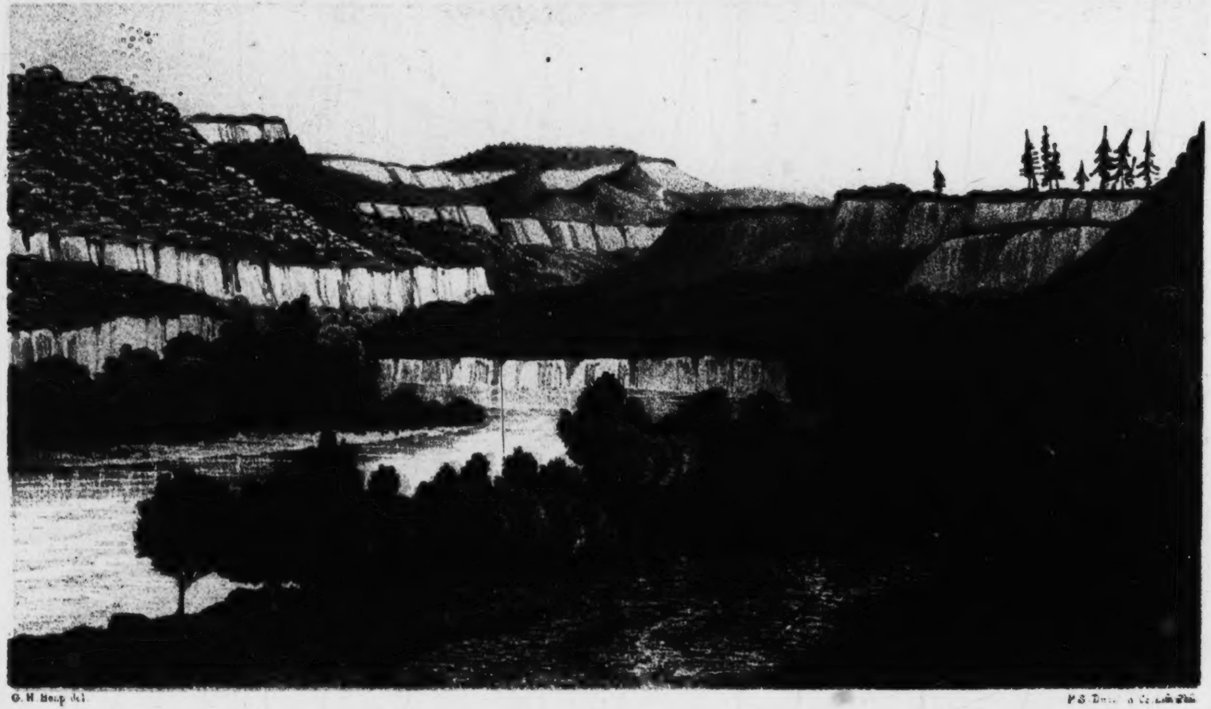
ENTRANCE OF SAH WATCH VALLEY.

San Luis Valley and the Sierra Blanca in the distance.

Pl. VII. P. 37.



G. H. Heap del. P. S. Duval & Co. Lith. Phila.

SCENERY IN SAHWATCH VALLEY.

glorious view of the valley of the Sahwatch. It was quite level, and from two to five miles in breadth, gradually narrowing to the westward; the rise was imperceptible, appearing like a continuation of the plain of San Luis. An abundant stream, the Sahwatch, nearly as broad as the Huerfano, but deeper, flows through its centre, and empties into the lagoon in San Luis valley. Its surface was clothed with nutritious grasses, and the hills and mountains by which it is hemmed in were covered with a thick growth of firs, aspens, and pines.

We proceeded fourteen miles farther up, and encamped at noon in a small valley running into the main one. There is an abundance of water in all the lateral valleys, as well as grass; in the main one, I noticed a superior quality of sandstone. The weather was clear and pleasant, and wind west.

On resuming our march in the afternoon, we ascended the small valley, as it shortened the distance a couple of miles, and re-entered that of the Sahwatch. After a ride of eight miles we crossed Sahwatch Creek, its waters reaching to our saddles, and encamped, as the sun was setting, at the entrance of the celebrated COOCHATOPE PASS.

Sahwatch valley maintains its level character to this point, and for several miles above, where it was shut from view by a curve. The entrance to the Carnero Pass is about a mile above the Coochatope, and we regretted that we had not time to examine it.

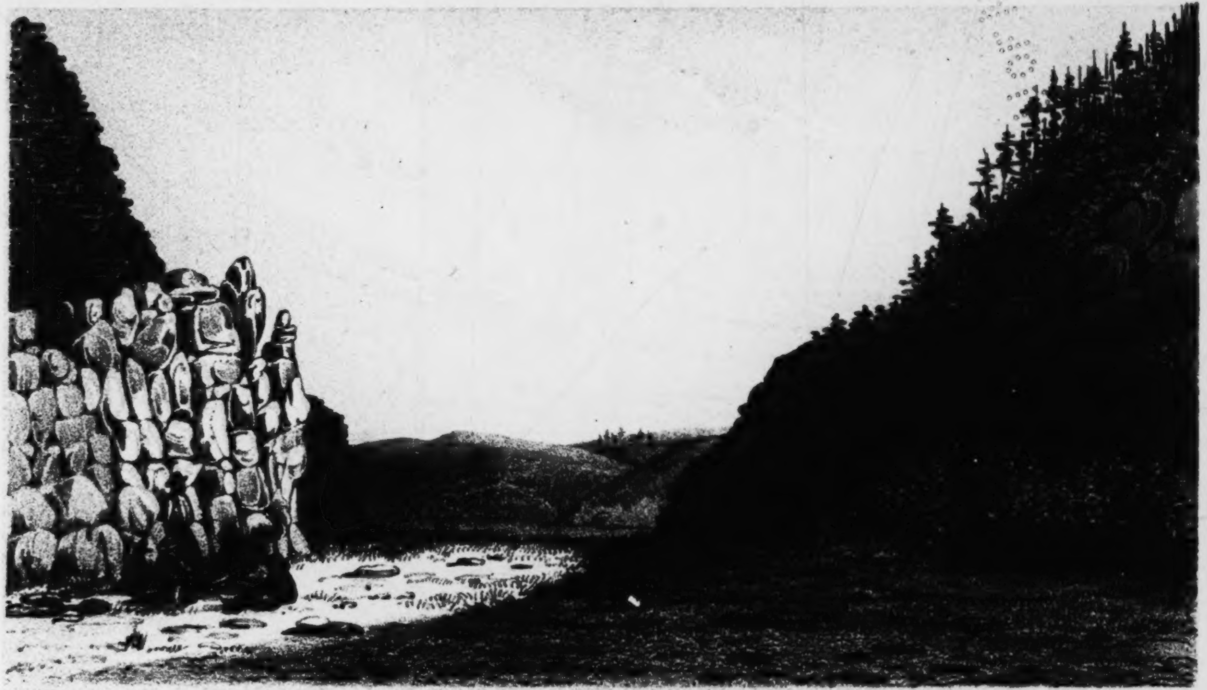
A military post placed in Sahwatch valley, between these two passes, would do important service in holding the Utahs in check. These Indians most frequently enter San Luis valley through these passes, and it is here that a fort would be best placed to prevent their incursions, or to intercept their retreat with booty. The mountains are clothed with timber from their base to their summit, the valley with luxuriant and nutritious grasses, and clear, brawling mountain streams pour into them on every side. The distance to the nearest New Mexican settlements is about one hundred and twenty miles, and the intervening country is a dead level. If undisturbed by the incursions of Indians, these valleys would soon be settled and cultivated; for it is only of late, since the establishment of a military post on Utah Creek, that settlements of any consequence have been made on Costilla and Culebra creeks.

CHAPTER III.

FROM THE COOCHATOPE PASS TO GRAND RIVER—LOSSES ON GRAND RIVER.

COOCHATOPE PASS is a wonderful gap, or, more properly speaking, a natural GATE, as its name denotes in the Utah language. On each side, mountains rise in abrupt and rocky precipices, the one on the eastern side being the highest. We climbed up the one on the left, which is but a confused mass of rocks, but in their crevices were many beautiful and sweet-scented flowers. The bottom of the Pass was level and at right angles with Sahwatch valley; and we had thus far reached twenty-five miles into the mountains, from San Luis valley, without any apparent change of level. Singular as it may appear, it is nevertheless a fact that, notwithstanding the distance that we had penetrated into these mountains, had it not been for the course of the waters, it would have been difficult to have determined whether we were ascending or descending.

A stream issues from Coochatope Pass and joins the Sahwatch; it is called *Coochumpah* by the Utahs, and *Rio de los Cibolos* by the Mexicans: both names have the same signification—*River of buffaloes*. *Coochatope* signifies, in the Utah language, *Buffalo gate*, and the Mexicans have the same name for it, *El Puerto de los Cibolos*. The pass and creek are so called, from the large herds of these animals which entered Sahwatch and San Luis valleys through this pass, from the Three Parks and Upper Arkansas, before they were destroyed, or the direction of their migration changed, by the constant warfare carried on against them by Indians and New Mexicans. A few still remain in the mountains, and are described as very wild and savage. We saw a great number of elk-horns scattered through these valleys; and, from the comparatively fresh traces of buffaloes, it



G. H. Heap del.

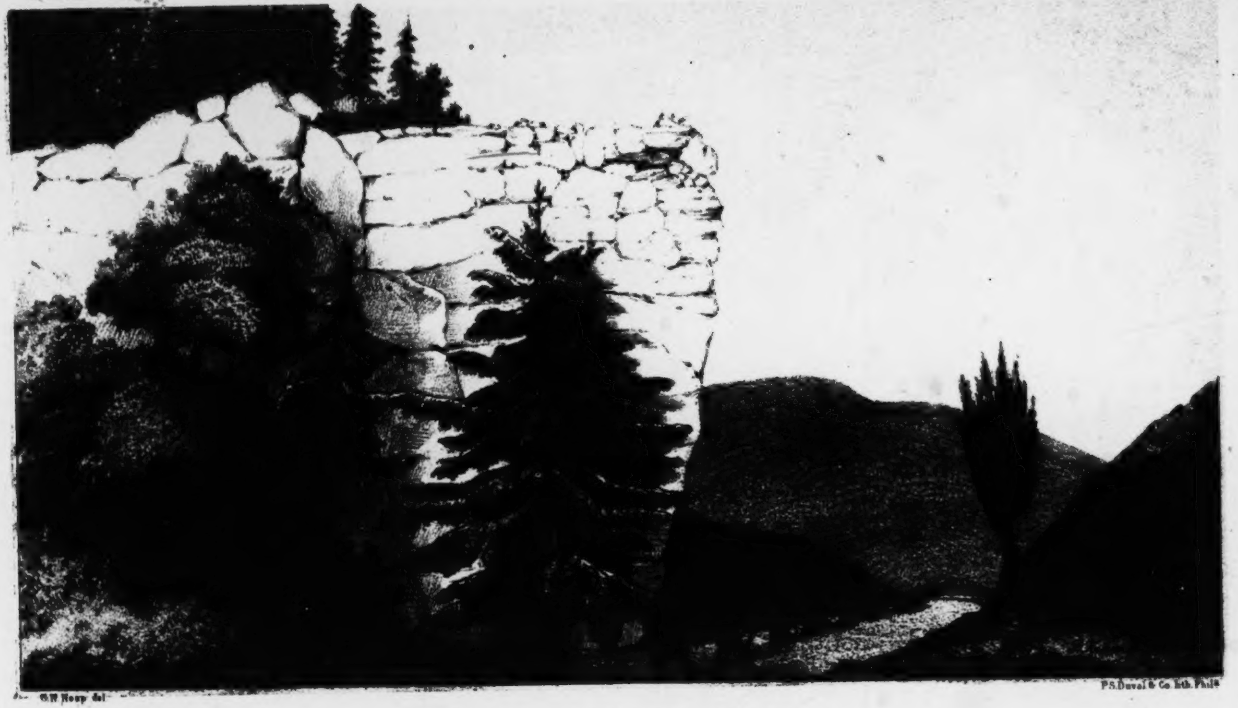
P. S. Duval & Co. Lith. Phil^a

COOCHATOPE PASS.

"The Gate of Buffaloes," in Sahwatch M^{ts}

Pl. IX.

P. 39.



G. H. Heap del.

P. S. Duval & Co. lith. Phila.

COOCHATOPE PASS.

was evident that many had visited the pass quite recently. The abundant pasturage and great shelter found here, even in the severest winters, render them a favorite resort at that season for game of every description. Coochatope Pass is travelled at all seasons, and some of our men had repeatedly gone through it in the middle of winter without meeting any serious obstruction from snow. Many Utahs winter in the valleys lying within the Sahwatch mountains, where Mexican traders meet them to barter for buckskins and buffalo robes.

Our Delaware, in commemoration of our arrival at this point, killed a mountain sheep, and soon a dozen sticks were around the fire, on which were roasting pieces of this far-famed meat; but this was a bad specimen, being both old and tough. Day's travel, 22 miles; total distance, 808 miles.

We resumed our journey at 5.30 A. M., and, having travelled two miles, reached the forks of the Coochumpah, taking the west fork up the valley, which here commenced to ascend at an easy grade. The mountain sides were clothed with fine timber, among which were pines, firs, and aspens, and the valley with the most luxuriant grass and clover, this being the first clover we had seen. Around us were scattered numerous elk-horns and buffalo skulls. Eight miles brought us to a remarkable cliff, about one hundred feet in height, which beetled over the trail on our left; nine miles from the "Gate," we saw the last water flowing east to the Atlantic; in five minutes we were on the culminating point of the pass, and in ten more crossed the first stream flowing west to the Pacific. It was almost as if we were standing with one foot in waters which found their way to the Gulf of Mexico, and the other in those losing themselves in the Gulf of California.

In our eagerness to explore this pass to its western outlet, Mr. Beale and I rode far ahead of the remainder of the party. The scenery was grand and beautiful beyond description. Lofty mountains, their summits covered with eternal snows, lifted their heads to the clouds, whilst in our immediate vicinity were softly rounded hills clothed with grass, flowers, and rich meadows, through which numerous rills trickled to join their waters to Coochatope Creek.

At noon we encamped on this stream, where it had already swollen to a considerable size. It is a tributary of Grand River, east fork of the Great Colorado. Near camp was a lofty and steep hill, which I ascended to obtain a better view of the country; one of its principal features was the Coochatope Mountain to the southeast; high, round, and dark with pines.

We were here compelled, by the necessity that we were under of selecting the shortest route, to go by the trail which takes the most direct course to Grand River, though there was a more circuitous route to the right, leading over a level country, but which would have lengthened the journey by two days.

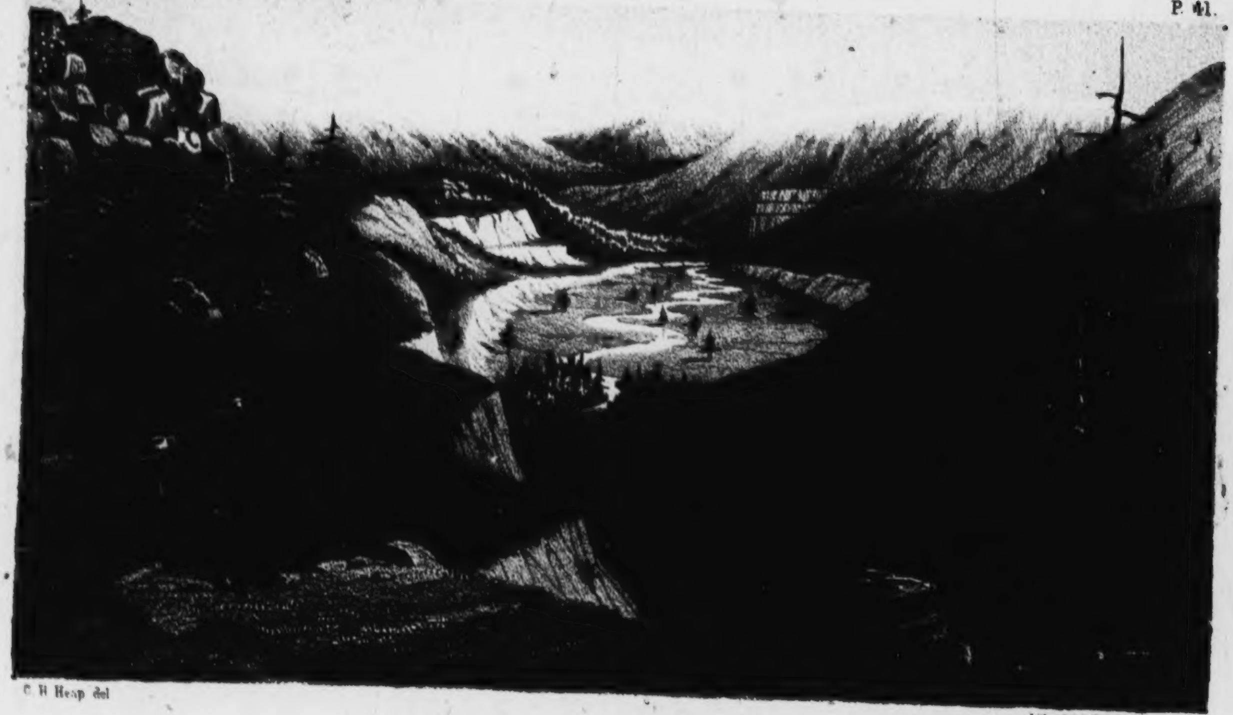
Travelled ten miles in the afternoon over a rich rolling country, well timbered and watered, and covered with luxuriant grasses. Saw many deer, antelopes, and mountain sheep. Day's travel, 34 miles; whole distance, 842 miles.

June 20. The usual cry of "catch up," set the camp in motion at 5.45 A. M. We travelled twenty-two miles over a rolling country, more hilly than our route of the previous day, and encamped on a rivulet at noon. Our course was south by west. The hill-sides and mountains were still covered with a thick growth of pines and aspens; wild flowers adorned the murmuring streams, and beautified the waving grass. Every few hundred yards we came to one of these purling brooks, the haunt of the timid deer, who bounded away at our approach. To the westward, the Eagle Range (La Sierra del Aguila), towered high above the surrounding mountains, its summits capped with snow, some patches of which we passed near our trail. Mr. Beale shot a species of grouse, larger than a prairie hen, and caught one of her young. At 5.30 P. M., in five miles from our noon camp, we crossed the two forks of the Jaroso (Willow Creek), a strong stream running into Grand River, not laid down on any map. At 7 P. M. we rested for the night in a valley watered by a small shallow brook, very marshy, and swarming with mosquitos. Our general course this day was southwest. Numbers of deer and antelopes were seen; indeed, these sheltered valleys seem expressly intended as coverts for these gentle animals.

About a mile before reaching the Jaroso, we crossed a valley where a party of Americans were cruelly murdered by the Utahs, in the spring of this year. Five Americans, and a few Mexicans, were driving sheep to California by this route, and, from some cause which I did not ascertain, a disagree-

Pl. X.

P. 41.



C. H. Heap del.

Lith. of P. S. Duval & Co. Phil^a

RIO DE LA LAGUNA.

Sierra de la Plata.

ment arose between them and a band of Utahs, who were still here in their winter-quarters. The latter forbade their passing through their country, and, placing a row of elk-horns across the valley, threatened them with instant death if they crossed that line. The whites deeming this a vain threat, attempted to force their way through, were attacked, and all killed. The elk-horns were still in the position in which the Indians had placed them. Our guide, Felipe, had an account of this affair from Utahs who had been actors in the affray. At this point the trail from the Del Norte through the Carnero Pass joins that through the Coochatope. Traders from Abiquiú come by it into these mountains to barter for peltries with the Utahs. Day's travel, 34 miles; total, 876 miles.

June 21. Raised camp at 4.45 A. M. and travelled five miles west by south, crossing a steep and rocky hill covered with pines, and in five miles entered a small valley watered by the Rio de la Laguna (Lake Creek). This creek issues from a lake near the summit of the Sierra de la Plata (Silver Range), about twelve acres in area; we found it unfordable on account of its swollen condition from melting snows. Its current was swift and waters turbid, rolling with a loud roar over a rocky bed. It both enters and leaves this valley through narrow and rocky cañons; above the upper one it flows through another valley of larger extent and of great beauty.

It became a question with us, how our packs were to be transported over the laguna without getting them wet or lost, and we at first attempted to make a bridge by felling a tall pine across the stream, but it fell partly into the water, and the current carried it away, tearing it into pieces. This plan having failed, another was adopted, suggested by what Mr. Beale had seen in his travels in Peru, and the mode of crossing the plunging torrents of the Andes, which was entirely successful.

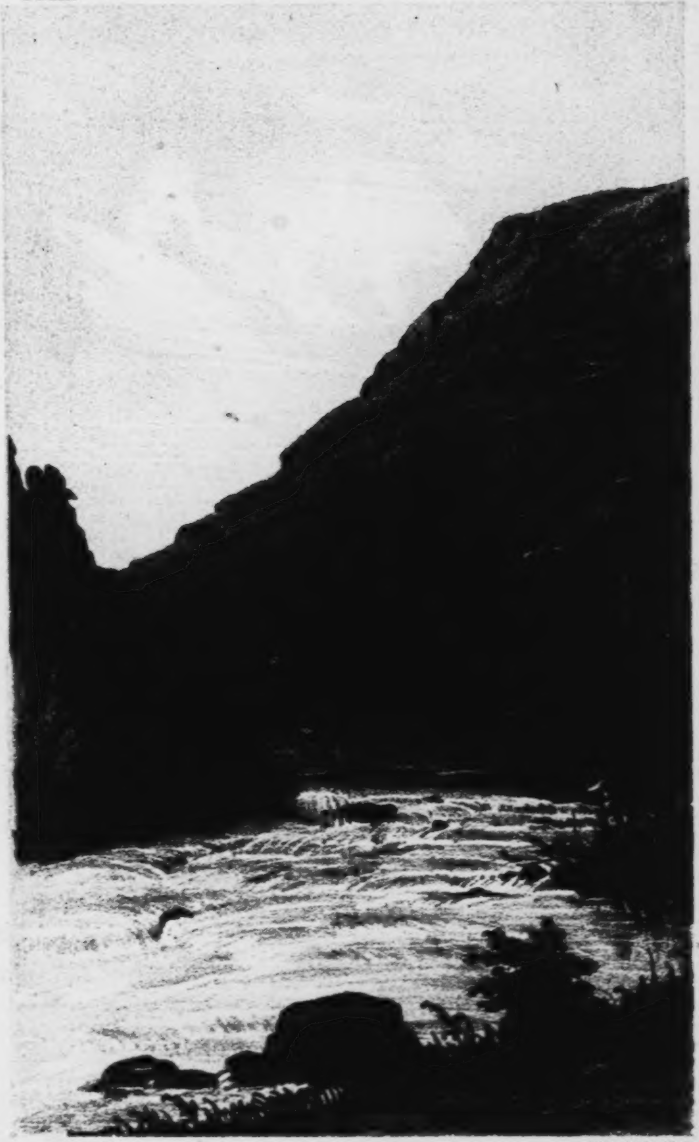
Mr. Rogers selected a point where the stream was for some distance free from rocks, and succeeded, after a severe struggle, in swimming across; and one of the men mounting a stray Indian pony, which we found quietly grazing in the valley, dashed in after him, and also effected a landing on the opposite side. To them a light line was thrown, and having thus established a communication with the other side, a larger rope was drawn over by them, and tied firmly to a rock near the water's edge.

The end of the rope on our side was made fast to the top of a pine tree; a backstay preventing it from bending to the weight of the loads sent over. An iron hook was now passed over the rope, and by means of a sling our packs were suspended to it. The hook slided freely from the top of the tree down to the rock; and when the load was taken off, we drew the hook and sling back to our side by a string made fast to it. The last load sent over was our wearing apparel, and just after parting with it, a violent hailstorm broke over us, making us glad to seek shelter from its fury under rocks and trees. Most of the day was thus consumed, and it was not until 5 P. M. that we mounted our mules and swam them across. The water was icy cold, and some of the animals had a narrow escape from drowning. We, however, saddled up immediately, and, proceeding four miles from the creek, encamped for the night in a small hollow. On leaving the Rio de la Laguna, the road ascended a high and steep hill. The country travelled over this day was abundantly grassed, the hills timbered with firs, pines, and aspens, and the streams shaded with willows. Day's travel, 9 miles; total, 885 miles.

June 22. We started soon after sunrise and travelled west by south over steep hills, well timbered and covered with rich grasses. The weather was clear and cold, and wind fresh from the west. Crossed three streams swollen by melting snow: the Rio Hondo (Deep River), the Savoya, and the Pentacigo (Leek Creek). At 10 A. M., in twenty miles from the Rio de la Laguna, we crossed the two forks of the Nawaquasitch (Sheep-tail Creek, Utah language). The Mexicans call it Los Riitos Quartos (Twin Creeks), and the Cola del Carnero (Sheep-tail Creek). We forded it immediately above the junction of the forks. Both were much swollen, and we had some difficulty in crossing the packs, some of which got wet. A pair of saddle-bags containing many articles of value to us were lost in this crossing. All these streams are mere rivulets a month or two later. Encamped at noon on the left bank of the western fork of the Nawaquasitch.

Started again an hour before sunset, and following down the left bank of the Nawaquasitch until it turned to the northward through a deep cañon, left it and directed our course to the westward. The Nawaquasitch empties into Grand River (east

Pl. XI. P. 42.



G. H. Heap del. P. S. Duval & Co. lith. Phil^{a}

CROSSING LAGUNA CREEK.

fork of the Colorado), not far beyond the outlet of this cañon. All the streams that we passed this day are tributaries of Grand River, and are not laid down on any map.

We were now approaching the western limits of the Sahwatch Mountains, and continued down a rivulet until it gave out, as it reached the base of the hills. Upon reaching the plain which extends from the foot of the Sahwatch Range to Grand River, we encamped for the night, having made twenty miles since noon. There was grass in small patches on the brook down which we travelled, and it grew scantier as we approached the plains. This stream dries up entirely in a month or six weeks from this time.

The Pareamoot Mountains (Elk Mountains, Utah tongue), a range of whose unexplored beauties much had been related to us, loomed up darkly between us and the setting sun. Day's march, 38 miles; total distance, 923 miles.

June 23. At an early hour in the morning, Mr. Beale, Felipe Archilete, the Delaware, and I, taking the lead, arrived at the River Uncompagre at 11.10 A. M. We travelled about twelve miles parallel with this river, and found it everywhere a broad rapid stream, entirely too rapid and swift to ford with safety; we therefore continued down its right bank until we reached Grand River.

We had been prepared to find Grand River swollen, for its tributaries which we had crossed were all at their highest stage of water; but we had not anticipated so mighty a stream. It flowed with a loud and angry current, its amber-colored waters roaring sullenly past, laden with the wrecks of trees uprooted by their fury. Sounds like the booming of distant artillery, occasioned by the caving in of its clayey and sandy banks, constantly smote our ears. This fork of the Colorado rises in the Middle Park, and gathers all its head waters in that inclosure, and is described by Frémont, who crossed it there, as being a large river, one hundred and thirty yards wide where it breaks through its mountain rim and flows southwest. Between that point and where we approached it, numerous streams contribute their waters to increase its volume; and where we now stood, anxiously gazing at its flood, it had spread to a breadth of over two hundred and fifty yards.

As it was evident that this river was nowhere fordable, it was determined to commence at once the construction of a raft. A place where dead wood was found in abundance was selected for our encampment, and to reach it, it was necessary to cross a broad slough, where the mules sank to their bellies in the mud; the packs were carried over on our heads.' This brought us to an island of loose, rotten soil, covered with grease wood and some coarse grass. We had no shelter from the sun, which was intensely hot, and the mosquitos and gadflies were perfectly terrific.

From this point, the Pareamoot Mountains were in full view; they ranged from the north, and terminated in an abrupt declivity on the western side of Grand River, opposite to the mouth of the Uncompagre. They were described to me as abounding in game, and well timbered; on their plateaux, are fine lakes filled with excellent fish, rich meadows, abundant streams, every natural attraction, in fact, to induce settlement.

Our guide, Felipe, had spent three years in them, trapping and hunting, and said that there is no richer country on the continent. These mountains are not laid down on any map. Day's travel, 28 miles; total distance, 951 miles.

June 24. Whilst most of the party were busily occupied in collecting and cutting logs, constructing the raft, and transporting the packs, saddles, &c., to the point of embarkation, which had to be done in deep mud, and under a scorching sun, others explored the banks of the river, to ascertain whether a place could be found where the *cavallade* could be crossed over. The river was examined several miles above our encampment, but its banks on our side were everywhere so marshy as to prevent the approach of the mules to the water's edge. At the encampment, the ground was firmer, but we feared to drive them into the river at this point, as it was here not only very rapid and broad, but its opposite banks, as far down as we could see, were marshy and covered with a thick jungle, from which our mules, after the exhaustion of swimming across so swift a current, would have been unable to extricate themselves.

Towards noon the raft was completed, but we were far from feeling confident about crossing at this point. Archilete, who was well acquainted with all the fords and crossing-places, stated that perhaps a better point might be found a few miles below the mouth of the Uncompagre, which flowed into Grand River a short distance below us. As it was evident that it would be risking the entire loss of our animals and packs to attempt to cross them here, it was determined to abandon the raft and to move camp farther down without delay. Everything was again transported to the main shore across the slough. The animals had much difficulty in crossing this place, even without loads; with them, they sank hopelessly into the mud, from which it was very difficult to drag them out.

A more dirty, begrimed, and forlorn looking party was never seen; we were covered with mud to our waists; wherever the mosquitos and gadflies could reach our skin they improved the opportunity most industriously, and most of the men were covered with blisters and welts. All cheerfully took a share in this labor, but a volley of execrations was poured on this quagmire, which was appropriately christened the "Slough of Despond."

Having transported everything to dry land and got the animals through the mud, we once more packed them and resumed our journey down the left bank of Grand River until we came to the Uncompagre, a short distance above its mouth.

The largest animals were here selected to carry the packs across, their feet barely touching the bottom, whilst the strength of the current drove the water over their backs. Some of the men, mounted on horses, led the pack mules, and prevented their being carried down the stream where the water was deeper. One mule, with a valuable pack, having gone in of her own accord, was carried away, lost her foothold and sank, the weight of the pack being too great to allow her to swim; she was swept down the stream with great rapidity, rolling over helplessly until entirely lost to our sight by a bend of the river. Some of the party swam across, and one, benumbed by the coldness of the water, and exhausted by struggling against the stream, would have been drowned had he not been providentially seized just as his strength had entirely failed him.

We encamped a few miles below the Uncompagre, on the left bank of Grand River, upon a bluff from which we had a fine view of its course, and of the Pareamoot Mountains opposite. Our tormentors, the mosquitos, did not fail to welcome us with a loud buzz, whilst the drone of the gadfly, which might with truth be termed the *furia-infernalis* of the plains, gave notice that he was about, thirsting for our blood. Wherever he inserted his proboscis, the sensation was like that of a redhot darning-needle thrust into the flesh, and was followed by a stream of blood. The mules and horses suffered terribly by these flies.

Our provisions, by losses in the river and damage by water, were fast diminishing, and it was deemed prudent at this time to put ourselves on a limited allowance, for it was uncertain how long we might be detained in crossing this river, the Avonkaria, and Upper Colorado.

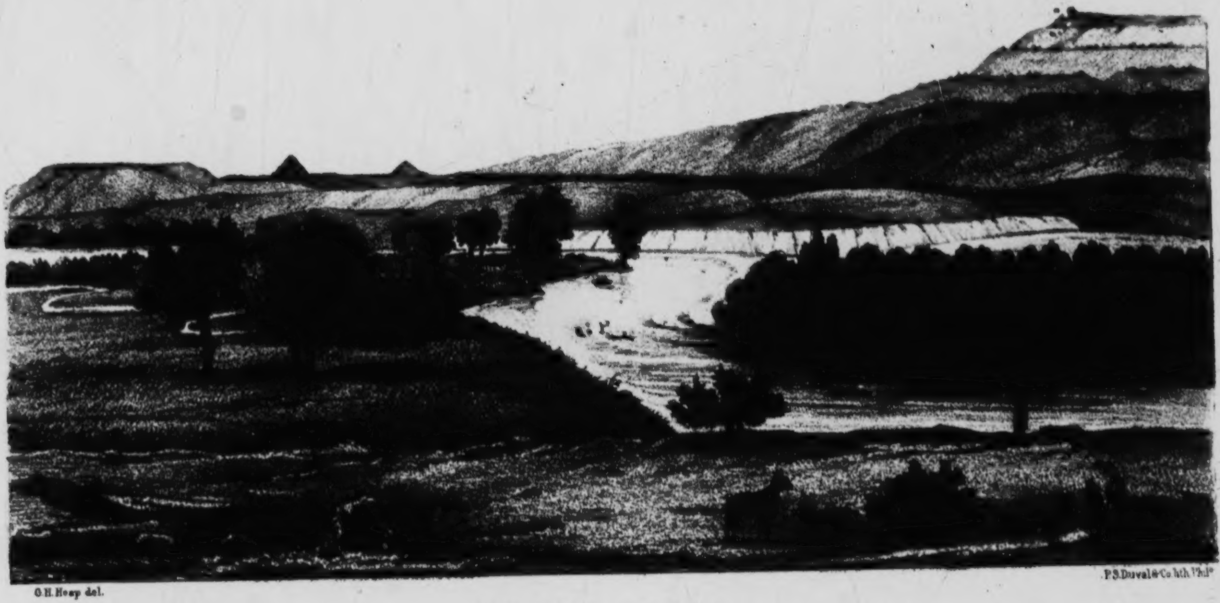
The pack lost with the mule drowned in the Uncompagre contained many articles of importance to us, besides all our *pinole* (parched cornmeal), and some of the men lost all their clothing.

It was late when we got to camp, and after a day of toil, exposure, and annoyance, nothing more could be done than to select the tree out of which to make a canoe, and the place to launch it; for all idea of crossing on a raft was abandoned. A few miles below the encampment the river was shut in by a cañon, towards which it dove with great swiftness; a raft carried into it would have been torn to pieces in a moment, without a chance for the men on it to save their lives. Day's travel, 5 miles; total, 956 miles.

June 25. At early dawn most of the party commenced working on the canoe; their only tools were two dull axes and two hatchets. A large cottonwood tree was felled for this purpose, and it was hoped to have the canoe finished the next day. The wood, being green and full of sap, was hard to cut, and so heavy that chips of it sank when thrown into the water.

The river still maintained the same level, and the bottom land was overflowed and marshy. The high lands on which we were encamped were composed of a loose, rotten soil, producing no vegetation except stunted sage bushes. The only game we had seen for two days was an occasional sage rabbit, so called from its flesh having a strong flavor of the wild sage (artemisia), on which it feeds. The sun was very hot and mosquitos tormenting; we removed our camp to the bluffs in the hope of avoiding them, but with little success.

At this point, the general course of the river was parallel with the Pareamoot Mountains, from northeast to southwest.



G.H. Heap del.

P.S. Duval & Co. lith. Phil^{a}

GRAND RIVER,

Below the junction of the Uncompagre.

The latter appeared to rise in terraces, upon which much timber could be seen.

The work on the canoe was continued steadily all day, though some of the party entertained grave doubts about crossing in it; besides, the two rivers beyond Grand River were said to be larger and their current swifter than this. Archilete stated that he had never seen the river so high, and that it was owing to the unusual quantity of snow which had fallen in the mountains during last winter. The wind rose at ten o'clock and blew with violence until sunset, which relieved us in a measure from the torment of mosquitos, but they returned in fresh swarms as soon as it lulled.

June 26. Opposite to our encampment was old "Fort Roubideau," now abandoned and in ruins. It was formerly a trading post belonging to the brothers Roubideau, of St. Louis, Missouri, who carried on a lucrative trade with the Utahs for peltries.

Beavers are quite numerous on all these rivers, and have greatly multiplied of late years since the demand for their furs has diminished.

The canoe was completed at noon, and a fire was kindled in and around it to dry it. At 4 P. M., the first load went over with the Delaware and Archilete. Everything had to be carried to the water's edge through a thick jungle, knee deep in mud, and under a broiling sun.

They reached the opposite side safely, although the current carried them some distance down the stream. The canoe was found to be very heavy, and easy to upset. Archilete, Juan Lente, and myself went with the second load, reached the other side, and, after unloading, dragged the canoe some distance up stream to enable Archilete, who was to take it back, to make a landing at the point where the packs were deposited. Two more of the men crossed with the next load, and Archilete returned in the canoe to the left bank for the night.

We were now four persons on the right bank of the stream, with the prospect of getting the rest of the party and packs across at an early hour the next day. We retired to some dry land about half a mile from the river, and carried to it the few things that had been brought over. Just before dark, Dick, the Delaware, made his appearance in camp, dripping wet, and reported that he had just swam across with some of the mules; that after getting all into the water most of them had turned back, while three mules and one horse, having reached the right bank, had sunk into the mud, from which he had been unable to relieve them. We immediately went down to the water's edge with ropes, and with great difficulty got the horse out of his bed of mud, but found it impossible to extricate the mules. We were compelled to leave the poor animals in their forlorn situation until the morning, when we hoped to get them on dry land.

June 27. Rose at dawn, and our first business was to get the mules out of their dangerous predicament, by cutting bushes and spreading them around the mired animals, thus rendering the ground sufficiently firm to support their weight.

At an early hour, a signal was made to us from the other side that the canoe was about starting to cross. We therefore went down to the river side to receive its load. In a few minutes she made her appearance, driving rapidly down the stream. She was heavily loaded, barely four inches of her gunwale being above the water's edge. Felipe Archilete, a strong and active fellow, was paddling, whilst George Simms was crouched in the bow of the boat. They were unable to reach the point where previous landings had been effected, and were soon shut from our sight by trees and tangled bushes, growing close to the water. In a few seconds we heard the most alarming cries for help, and upon rushing to the spot from which these cries proceeded, found Archilete and George just emerging from the water, nearly exhausted with their struggles.

It appears that upon approaching the bank and grasping some small limbs of trees overhanging the water, the latter broke, whereupon one of the men, becoming alarmed, attempted to jump from the boat to the shore, causing it immediately to upset. They were both thrown into the stream, which here ran with a strong current, and it was with difficulty that they reached the shore. I immediately called to one of the men who was standing near the horse, to gallop down the river's edge, and by swimming him into the middle of the stream to endeavor to reach the canoe should it make its appearance. But it was never seen again, nor did we recover any of the articles with which it was loaded. We lost by this accident seven rifles, nearly all our ammunition, pistols, saddles, corn-meal, coffee, sugar, blankets, &c.

With broken axes and dull hatchets it would have been difficult if not impossible to have constructed another canoe; and, besides, the men were too much discouraged by this loss to undertake the labor with the spirit necessary to carry it through.

Our party was equally divided; we were seven on each side. Some of the gentlemen on the left bank were now anxious to return to New Mexico to proceed to California by some other route; but Mr. Beale would not listen for a moment to such proposition. He hailed me at eight o'clock, and told me that as soon as he could construct a raft, and get the few remaining things and the animals over, we would push on for the Mormon settlements near the Vegas de Santa Clara. Expedition was necessary, for we had provisions for only four or five days.

The Delaware swam back to Mr. Beale's side to assist him to construct a raft or canoe. He was a splendid swimmer, and went through the water like an otter. They immediately commenced the construction of another canoe, but both axes being broken, they soon had to relinquish the task as hopeless.

An inventory was made of the provisions, and it was found that we had twenty-five pounds of biscuit, mostly in dust, twenty-five pounds of dried venison, and ten pounds of bacon. Although this was but slender provision for fourteen hungry men, we had no fear of starvation, or even of suffering, as long as we had the mules. I also discovered in an old bag a small supply of powder and lead, and some chocolate and tobacco. A canister of *meat-biscuit*, upon which we had depended in case of an emergency of this sort, had unfortunately gone down with the canoe.

At an early hour in the morning, we saw flying from a tree on the left bank, the preconcerted signal to "come down for a talk." To reach the river, we had to wade for half a mile through a deep marsh, into which we sank to our knees, and the air was thick with mosquitos.

Mr. Beale informed me that it had been decided to return to Taos for supplies, and inquired whether we could get back to the left bank. As two of the men on my side stated that they could not swim, it was decided to make a raft, and, if possible, to save the articles we had with us. Before this was determined upon, however, Mr. Beale ordered Archilete to swim over to his side, which the latter did at once, taking his timber leg under his arm; and in the afternoon they made another ineffectual attempt to get the animals across. There was but one point where it was possible to drive them into the river, and here they crowded in on each other until those underneath were near drowning. Mr. Beale and one of the men, who were riding, went into the river to lead the band across. The mules fell on them from the bank, which was at this place about three feet high, and for a moment they were in imminent danger of being crushed. An old horse alone struck boldly over, but none of the other animals followed his example. They all got out on the same side, and could not be again driven into the water.

Mr. Beale now desired me to make arrangements for returning to his side of the river, and while preparing the animals to move down to our camping ground, I thought I heard a faint shout, and at the same time perceiving two dark objects moving in the water, some distance up the stream, I suspected that they were men from the opposite shore endeavoring to reach land on our side. The current was carrying them swiftly on towards a high bank overhanging the stream, where, without help, to have effected a landing would have been impossible.

Hastily seizing a rope, and calling to the men to follow, I ran to the top of the cliff. In fact, they were our two best swimmers, Dick and Felipe, who were scarcely able to keep their hold until ropes could be led down to them. We drew them up half perished, and it required a good fire and something stimulating to restore circulation to their limbs, benumbed by the icy coldness of the water. Although we had no sugar, some coffee, that the Delaware had brought, tied in a handkerchief on his head, cheered the men, and we passed a good night, happy in any rest after such a day of toil.

June 29. At an early hour in the morning, I commenced throwing into the river everything that we could possibly dispense with, such as clothing, &c. I allowed each man to select sufficient clothes from the general stock to make up one suit, and it was singular how soon their wants increased. Some of the Mexicans, who heretofore had been satisfied with one shirt and a pair of pants, now arrayed themselves in as many breeches, drawers, shirts, and stockings as they could force themselves into. I *cachèd*, under a thick bush, a few Indian goods that we had brought with us as presents.

The three mules and two horses were passed over to the left shore without much difficulty by pushing them into the water from a bank, whence the eddy immediately carried them into the middle of the stream. They got out safely on the other side, and we at once commenced constructing the raft.

It was completed at 1 P. M., and, although it was twelve feet in length by eight in breadth, the weight of seven men, with the saddles, arms, and provisions we had saved, caused it to sink eighteen inches under water. It drifted rapidly down the stream, the men whooping and yelling, until one struck up the old song of "O Susannah!" when the rest sang the chorus. In this style, we fell upwards of two miles down the river, propelling ourselves with rough paddles. Mr. Beale and others of the party stood on a hill on the opposite side cheering and waving their hats. Having approached within ten yards of the left bank, our tritons, Dick and Archilete, sprang into the water, with ropes in their teeth, and reaching the shore soon dragged the raft to the bank, upon which the remainder of the crew landed.

CHAPTER IV.

JOURNEY OF MR. HEAP TO NEW MEXICO AND BACK.
MR. BEALE'S SEPARATE JOURNAL.

No time was lost in collecting and saddling the animals, and our packs being reduced from eleven to three, they were soon loaded. Those whose saddles went down with the canoe used their blankets instead, and at four P. M. we started to return to New Mexico. The defeat which we had sustained at Grand River, and the consequent delay, caused some of the party to be in low spirits; but regrets were useless; we determined to return again, and so well provided as to prevent a second failure. We now measure back. Day's travel, 8 miles; distance from Grand River, 8 miles.

June 30. We were in our saddles at sunrise, for the lightness of our baggage occasioned no waste of time in packing. Those of the party who had lost their blankets passed a cold night under their saddle-cloths. Our breakfast consisted of a few spoonfuls of *atole* (cornmeal mush), washed down with coffee without sugar; and although the repast was far from palatable, we found it wholesome and *filling*, a property which was to us of much importance. The mules had been much harassed by the various attempts made to drive them across the river, and by the mosquitos and gadflies; yet they had picked up both flesh and spirit, and appeared happy to be treading once more on dry land, where they were not exposed to the momentary danger of sinking into a mudhole. We therefore travelled rapidly, and at 3.30 P. M. reached the Nawaquasitch, forty-three miles from our last encampment. It was here that we had previously experienced some difficulty in crossing, and where a pair of saddle-bags, containing many articles of value to us, were lost. The road during the day was the same which we had before travelled in going to Grand River; the face of the country was generally perfectly level, offering to our view but little of interest until we reached the foot-hills of the Sahwatch range, which we entered by a narrow valley, watered by a small rivulet. This we followed up about twenty miles, the country rapidly improving in beauty and fertility as we advanced into the mountains. We this time crossed the Nawaquasitch below the forks, and followed up its right bank about two miles. All around us the hills and mountains were covered with rich verdure; beautiful copses and groups of trees diversified the scenery, giving it the appearance of a settled country, only wanting dwellings to render it a perfect picture of rural beauty.

As the grass at this place was rich and nutritious, timber abundant, and fine streams irrigated every valley, it was selected by Mr. Beale for an encampment, where he would await my return from New Mexico with fresh supplies. Wagner, Young, Dick Brown (the Delaware), and Felipe Archilete, Jr., would remain with him, and I was to take Felipe Archilete, Sr. (Peg-leg,) as guide; and was also accompanied by those of the party who preferred going the longer route to California, *via* Fort Laramie and Great Salt Lake, to risking another encounter with Grand River and the unknown hardships beyond. Day's travel, 43 miles; distance from Grand River, 51 miles.

July 1. It was not until eight o'clock that I started from Mr. Beale's camp on the Nawaquasitch. He and the men who remained with him had many letters to write, which caused some detention. We left them with regret, for who could foresee what might happen to their little party in this lonely region, particularly as the season was approaching when the Indians would be returning here from buffalo-hunting? In addition to other causes for anxiety, we had but a small store of provisions, consisting of sour cornmeal and coffee, which, when divided between the two parties, gave to each barely enough for three days' subsistence. The Delaware had gone out hunting at an early hour, and, as we lost sight of the camp, we saw him descending a mountain at some distance with a deer behind his saddle, which he was carrying into Mr. Beale's camp.

The Rio de la Laguna (Willow Creek), where we had lost nearly a day in crossing our packs, had fallen slightly, and, as we had now but little that could be injured by water, we rode our mules across without stopping. At 6 P. M. we reached Rio Jaroso (Willow Creek), where the trail leading to the Puerto del Carnero (Mountain-sheep Pass) branches off to the southward from that to the Coochatope Pass.

This trail leads into San Luis valley by a shorter route than that by the Coochatope, and as it would give me the opportunity of examining a region and pass entirely unknown except to Indians, and Mexicans trading with them, I selected it for our passage through the Sahwatch range. I consider it a fortunate circumstance that I came to this determination, for the pass through which we went proved to be, in many respects, superior even to the Coochatope.

When we diverged to the right to take this trail, we commenced ascending a long and narrow gorge, which led us by an easy grade to the summit of a hill, where we encamped at 7 P. M. near an abundant spring. It would be needless repetition to mention again the luxuriance of the grass which covered the valleys, hill-sides, and mountains, for all through the Sahwatch range the country maintains the same rich and fertile character.

Our last meal was in the morning, and consisted of a ball of dough, which to some bore a fancied resemblance to the old Virginia hoe-cake. The soothing effects of this delicious morsel on our stomachs had for many hours passed away and been forgotten, so that when we gathered around the camp-fire to partake of a soup of grouse shot by Peg-leg, nine men more hungry it would have been difficult to find. We saw during the day many deer and antelopes, but the only rifle in the company was Peg-leg's, and it had been so much damaged as to render it almost useless for a long shot. Day's travel, 40 miles; distance from Grand River, 91 miles.

July 2. I passed a miserable night; it was cold and frosty, with a piercing north wind. My saddle-blanket was the only covering I had, and it was worn so thin and threadbare that it imparted scarcely any warmth. We saddled up and started at sunrise, directing our course nearly due east. The trail led over a mountain covered with thick pine forests, interspersed with rich meadows, and watered by numerous clear rills, until we reached a portion of the range where a hurricane or whirlwind had, some years ago, uprooted and strewed in every direction a forest of tall pine trees. Through this tangled mass we forced our way with difficulty, but finally got through and commenced a gradual descent on the eastern side of the range.

Peg-leg and myself were riding at a distance in advance of the rest of the party, when, upon crossing the summit of a hill, we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of a large flock of tame goats, behind which was a band of fifty mounted Utahs, to whom they belonged. The Indians immediately gathered around us and overwhelmed us with questions; but were civil, and seemed light-hearted and merry. Most of the men had good rifles, and their horses were all in fine condition. My first thought upon meeting these Indians was the possibility of replenishing our exhausted larder with dried meat, and Peg-leg no sooner informed them that we had been on short commons for several days than they dismounted, unpacked their animals, and from their store presented me with a plentiful supply of dried buffalo, deer, and antelope flesh. Men, women, and children crowded around my mule, each handing me a parcel of meat; and, although it was apparent that they expected nothing in return, I gave them as good a supply of tobacco, powder, lead, and percussion caps as I could spare; but nothing delighted them so much as a box of lucifer matches; for, having shown them that by a simple friction they might produce a blaze, their joy was great, and each member of the band was eager to perform the feat of kindling a fire.

A garrulous old Indian, who wore, by way of distinction, a "Genin" hat, sorely battered and bruised, and which had become the property of this venerable Utah by one of those reverses of fortune to which hats are so liable, addressed us a harangue accompanied by many gestures. Peg-leg translated his meaning to me, which was to the effect, that they had been unsuccessful in the buffalo hunt, on which they depended in a great measure for their subsistence; that they had been many months in the buffalo country, but the treacherous Cheyennes and Arapahoes, had driven them off, and had killed some of their young men. He added, that of dried antelope and deer meat they had a plenty, and that we were welcome to as much as we needed. This unexpected generosity made me regret that it was out of my power to make them a suitable return, and I explained to them, that our losses in Grand River had deprived us of the means of making them presents. He replied that what I had already given was quite sufficient.

Our party had by this time overtaken us, but fearing that the "amicable relations so happily existing" might be disturbed, I desired them not to stop, retaining only a pack animal to load with the meat which I had obtained.

With these Indians were many squaws and children. The former rode astride of the packs, and the boys, some of whom were not more than five years of age, were mounted on spirited horses, which they managed with much dexterity and grace, and were armed with small bows and arrows, two of which they held with the bow in their left hand ready for service. The chiefs invited us to encamp with them, that they might treat us with goats' milk and have a "talk;" but I considered it most prudent to separate from them before any cause of disagreement should arise to mar the good understanding that existed between us; besides, it was too early in the day for us to stop. I told them that, in the direction in which they were going, they would meet some of our friends whom we had left for a short time, and that on our return we would bring them tobacco and other presents. They promised to treat our friends well, and, after a general shaking of hands, we parted mutually pleased with each other.

We encamped at noon on a fork of Sahwatch Creek, running to the eastward through a broad grassy valley, and after a rest of two hours resumed our journey. We had not proceeded far when we noticed at a short distance to our right a singular-looking object, which appeared to be rolling rather than walking over the ground. On approaching it, it proved to be a decrepit Utah squaw, bending under the weight of two packs of buffalo robes, one of which she bore on her shoulders, whilst the other was suspended in front. She was much terrified when we galloped towards her, and, although she made a feeble attempt to fly, her shaking limbs bent under her, and she sank to the ground paralyzed with fear. We, however, reassured her, and got her to explain to us the cause of her being in this lonely region by herself, Archilete being interpreter. She told us that, three moons previous, a party of her people going to hunt buffaloes, had left her and another old woman in the mountains; as neither had horses, and they were unable to keep up with the band on foot. She said that they had subsisted on meat left them by their tribe, and ended by telling us that she had just buried her companion, who had died the previous night, and that she was now on her way to the summer rendezvous of her people, ladened with her own and her companion's packs. We informed her that she would probably overtake a band of Utahs that night or the next day, and placed her on their trail. She seemed glad to receive this news, and still more so when we turned our mules' heads to leave her, though we had shown her all possible kindness—so hard is it in them to believe in the sincerity of white people.

The trail led over low hills and down a succession of beautiful slopes, running mostly in a southerly direction, until we entered a narrow winding valley two and a half miles in length by one hundred to two hundred yards in breadth. It was shut in on each side by perpendicular walls of rock rising from fifty to seventy-five feet above the level of the valley, whose surface was flat and carpeted with tender grass. A stream of clear water meandered through its centre, and the grade was so slight that the stream, overflowing its banks in many places, moistened the whole surface.

As we descended this beautiful and singular valley, we occasionally passed others of a similar character opening into it. It ends in Sahwatch valley, which we entered about an hour before sunset.

We had here the choice of two routes: the first was down Sahwatch valley to its outlet near the head of the valley of San Luis, which would have taken us over the same ground that we had traversed in coming from Fort Massachusetts; the second crossed Sahwatch valley here, passed over a shorter and as good a route, and entered San Luis valley near where the Garita leaves the mountains. We selected the last route.

Coochatope Pass enters Sahwatch Valley a mile below Carnero Pass. Crossing Sahwatch valley, here half a mile broad, and the creek about ten yards in breadth and three feet in depth, we travelled up a narrow valley for a short distance into the hills, and encamped at dark. Day's travel, 47 miles; distance from Grand River, 138 miles.

July 3. During the early part of the night the mosquitos swarmed around us, but it soon became cold, which drove them away. We were delayed some time after sunrise in consequence of most of the mules having gone astray; they were not recovered until near seven o'clock, when we resumed our journey. Our course was generally east, down a succession of valleys, whose surface was level and moist, with hills rising abruptly on either side. We saw a great abundance of game, but killed nothing but a grouse. These mountains teem with antelope, deer, and mountain sheep.

The valleys down which we travelled, and which opened into each other with the regularity of streets, grew gradually broader as we descended. We finally entered one watered by Carnero Creek, which joins the Garita in San Luis valley, and at noon encamped a short distance above a gate or gap through which the stream passes. Half a mile below this gap there is another, and a quarter of a mile farther a third; the passage through them is level, whilst the trail around them is steep and stony. In the afternoon, we went through the first gap, made a circuit around the second, as it was much obstructed with trees and bushes, and, leaving the third on our left, rode over some low hills, and five miles from camp crossed the Garita. We were once more in San Luis valley, and all before us was a perfect level, as far as the sight could reach. We encamped on the Rio Grande del Norte, as the sun was setting behind the pass in the Sierra de San Juan, at the head of the Del Norte. This pass was in sight of us, and is the one in which Colonel Frémont met with so terrible a disaster in the winter of 1848–49, so near was he to the object of his search, the Coochatope.

From the plains this pass appears to be more practicable than either the Carnero or the Coochatope; but it can be traversed only by mules, and by them only from the middle of August until the first snows fall, early in December. In winter it is impassable, and in spring, and until August, the River Del Norte, which flows through part of it, and is swollen with melting snows, is the principal obstruction. This pass is known to the Mexicans as the Puerto del Rio Del Norte (the Pass of the River Del Norte), but Americans call it *Williams's Pass*, in honor of "Old Bill Williams," who discovered it, and was Colonel Frémont's guide. Through it is the shortest road to Grand River, it being one day shorter than by the Carnero, and nearly two days shorter than by the Coochatope. The hills, for, as they appeared to us from the plains they cannot be called mountains, seem broken and rugged, and appear to have numerous passages between them, whilst the mountains, in which are found the Carnero and Coochatope Passes, exhibit from the plains no point where a pass might be supposed to exist. Day's travel, 48 miles; distance from Grand River, 186 miles.

Fourth of July. We built large fires during the night, hoping to drive away the mosquitos by the smoke; but, the wind being from the river, as fast as we got rid of one swarm another made its appearance. Notwithstanding our long ride of the preceding day, we got but little sleep, and were glad to catch up at early dawn. We followed down the left bank of the Rio del Norte, crossing numerous *esteros* (sloughs), until 1 P.M., when we encamped at the same spot where we had passed the first night out from Fort Massachusetts. We had made forty-five miles since morning, and had travelled so rapidly that the pack animals did not get into camp until an hour later.

This being the anniversary of our country's birthday, and not having sufficient food for more than one scanty meal, we had dispensed with breakfast in order to celebrate the occasion at noon with all the proper honors. Some bitter cornmeal and a few scraps of antelope meat, which had been so often culled that what remained consisted of the shreds of sinews, constituted our bill of fare. As soon as the banquet was ended, I started with the intention of reaching the settlements on the Culebra, a distance of about forty miles, that night. As a distinct trail led to these hamlets, the party could follow without a guide, and I therefore took Peg-leg with me. They were to encamp that night on Trinchera Creek, a pretty brook five miles from our noon camp, fringed with willows, and where they would find abundant pasturage.

After riding eight hours at a steady pace over a plain, I arrived at midnight at a small village on the Culebra, inhabited by Mexicans. The night was warm and calm, and from the Trinchera clouds of mosquitos filled the air. Both we and our mules were much fatigued, having travelled eighty-five miles since morning, after a ride of four days through the mountains at the rate of from forty to forty-eight miles each day.

I was invited into one of the huts, where a couple of women commenced at once baking *tortillas* (thin cakes of dough baked on a piece of sheet-iron) and boiling goats' milk with salt. A sheep was killed, and a plentiful supply of *tortillas* baked to be ready for our party in the morning, and I directed one of the Mexicans to start at early dawn to meet and guide them in.

My blanket was spread on the floor near the fireplace, though I was invited to share a bed made of hides stretched on a rough frame, and filling two-thirds of the room, already occupied by three men, two women, two girls, and four children, all more or less *en déshabille*. Day's travel, 85 miles; total from Grand River, 271 miles.

July 5. Before daybreak the house was invaded by lambs, kids, and pigs, and all farther attempts at sleep were vain. Glad to escape from their noise, I got a horse and rode to the upper hamlets on the Culebra. The valley here spreads out in a meadow, a perfect sea of verdure, several thousand acres in extent, on which were numerous herds of cattle and horses. The whole valley of the Culebra is at times rendered almost uninhabitable by the mosquitos, which are particularly troublesome around the lower settlements, and the natives keep up constant fires, in the smoke of which both they and their cattle seek protection against the common enemy.

Having concluded the necessary arrangements for leaving at this pasturage the animals we had brought with us from the Nawaquasitch, I started with Felipe, on hired horses, for the Costilla, twenty miles distant, where we passed the night. Costilla Creek has its source in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, on the east of the valley of the Rio del Norte, into which its waters flow. On its banks are numerous farms, which are skilfully irrigated, but in other respects are cultivated very carelessly by the Mexicans; however, their crops, consisting of wheat, corn, beans, and peas, gave promise of better results than those on the Culebra. These settlements are new; the houses, although of *adobes*, are well built, and the people quiet and industrious. They are mostly *peons* (bondsmen) to wealthy landowners residing in Taos, and but few own the soil they cultivate. They enjoy the blessing denied their neighbors, of being entirely exempt from the annoyance of mosquitos, for those exposed constantly to this evil can alone form a conception of the misery it occasions. Day's travel, 20 miles; total distance, 291 miles.

July 6. To secure an early start, and to prevent our animals from trespassing upon the cultivated fields, none of which are inclosed, a man was engaged to watch them whilst at pasture during the night; but my horse having been allowed to escape, it was not until after sunrise that I could procure another. A ride of twenty-two miles brought us to the Colorado (Red River), our road taking us across three small streams (Las Ladillas), on the borders of which were extensive sheep *ranchos.* The Colorado is formed by the junction of two abundant streams, which issue from deep cañons in lofty and abruptly rising mountains. The valley of the Colorado is about three miles in length by one in breadth, and the Colorado River, having passed it, flows through a deep channel in the plain, and unites its waters to those of the Del Norte. The valley presents a beautiful view, and, being abundantly irrigated by means of *acequias* (canals), every acre of it is under cultivation. The village of the Colorado consists of one hundred *adobe* houses, built to form a quadrangle, with their doors and windows presenting upon the square inside.

Mr. Charles Otterby, a Missourian, long domiciliated in New Mexico, invited me to his house and procured me a fresh horse, as the one I had ridden from the Costilla (a distance of twenty-two miles) in two hours and a half, had broken down. I left Colorado at noon, and, travelling twelve miles across a mountain, over a rough and stony road, I reached the Rio Hondo (Deep Creek), which is so called from its channel being sunk in many places far below the level of the plain; for the stream itself is neither deep nor broad. I here engaged a young American, Thomas Otterby, to go with us to California, he having a reputation almost equal to Kit Carson's for bravery, dexterity with his rifle, and skill in mountain life. I also purchased a mule to replace my unshod and sore-footed horse, and rode to Taos, nine miles beyond, across a level plain, arriving there at 3 P. M.

Mr. St. Vrain, for whom I had a letter, being absent from Taos, I was hospitably received by his lady. I immediately called on Mr. Leroux, who had a few days previous returned from Fort Atkinson in improved health. Making known to him the accident which had befallen us at Grand River, and stating our wants, I obtained, with his assistance, the supplies we needed. Raw hides were procured and sewed together, to be used as boats for crossing rivers. Corn was parched to make *pinole* (parched and pounded cornmeal, sweetened), coffee roasted, &c.

San Fernando de Taos is situated in the centre of a broad plain, watered by two or three small brooks, whose waters are entirely absorbed in the irrigation of the lands around the town. It presents, both within and without, a poor appearance; its low earth-colored houses, scattered irregularly about, look dingy and squalid, though within many of them are comfortable; and they are all well adapted to the climate. The town is surrounded with uninclosed fields, very fertile when irrigated, and the Taos wheat, originally obtained from the wild wheat growing spontaneously on the Santa Clara and the Rio de la Virgen, has obtained a wide reputation. In the vicinity of San Fernando de Taos are several hamlets—the Pueblo de Taos, inhabited by the Taos Indians, a quiet and inoffensive race, and good field laborers; La Placita de Taos, El Rancho, El Ranchito, &c. Six miles to the southwest was a United States dragoon camp, from which the troops were absent, they having marched to Abiquiú in consequence of troubles with the Navajo Indians. Day's travel, 43 miles; total distance from Grand River to Taos, 333 miles.

Return from Taos to Grand River; and we now measure the distance back from Taos.

July 11. Having concluded my purchases, which delayed me longer than had been anticipated (for everything had to be made or prepared for our use), I sent off late on the 8th a wagon containing the supplies, and two men with the mules, to meet me at the Culebra, where I would overtake them. Starting the next day I passed them at Rio Colorado on the 10th, and arrived at the Culebra a day ahead of my party. From the time of our arrival in Taos, Peg-leg had been surrounded by his friends and boon companions, relating to them his late exploits on Grand River, and his frequent libations to Bacchus, in wretched Taos brandy, had rendered him incapable of keeping his seat on horseback. I left him practising the Apache warwhoop in the square of Taos, and I did not see him again until the wagon and men had arrived at the Culebra, and I was prepared to depart. He then made his appearance, looking very sick, unhappy, and repentant.

The men I had hired were Thomas Otterby, José Galliego, an old mountaineer who had been to California with Colonel Frémont, and was well recommended as guide and *bull-hide boat builder*, and Juan Cordova, a Mexican *arriero* (muleteer). We numbered in all five.

Messrs. Riggs and Rogers with their party remained at Taos, intending to pursue their journey to California *via* Fort Laramie and Great Salt Lake.

We saddled up shortly before sunset, and encamped nine miles below on the Culebra, to get our packs in order for an early start on the morrow. The first day with a train of pack mules is always a troublesome one; the animals are new, the men have not learned their dispositions and qualities, the harness does not fit, and it is necessary to make many changes, which occasion delay. My day's ride was 61 miles, back from Taos.

July 12. Raised camp at five and travelled until noon, when we encamped on the slough of the Del Norte, where we had already been three times. We fortunately had filled our leather canteens at the Trinchera, for we found the water here no longer drinkable. The sun was intensely hot, and our old friends, the mosquitos, did not fail to find us out. We stopped for the night on the Del Norte, eighteen miles farther on, where we shot several wild geese, which we found here in great numbers. Day's travel, 40 miles; distance from Taos, 101 miles.

July 13. Although I was up many times during the night, looking after the mules, and had them all picketed in thick grass, three succeeded in drawing their picket-pins and went off in the direction of Fort Massachusetts. After a chase of ten miles they were brought back, and we started at 6 30 A. M. Encamped on the Garita, where I had only intended to rest the animals for a couple of hours; but as it commenced to rain, and I feared that the packs might get damaged, I concluded to pass the night here, and housed everything under the ox-hides. A party of Mexican Ciboleros (buffalo hunters), going to hunt buffalo on the Upper Arkansas, encamped near us. Day's travel, 41 miles; distance from Taos, 142.

July 14. We kept guard during the night, as we saw fresh signs of Indians, and our animals were inclined to stray. It rained most of the night. Raised camp at sunrise, and, without stopping, travelled through the Carnero Pass to Sahwatch valley, near which we encamped before sunset. Day's travel, 49 miles; distance from Taos, 191.

July 15. Travelled steadily all day, with the exception of a short rest at noon, and encamped at night on a small rill running into the Jaroso (Willow Creek). Day's travel, 43 miles; from Taos, 234 miles.

July 16. We started at dawn, crossed the Rio de la Laguna without unpacking, as its waters had fallen, and at 2 P. M. I met Harry Young, whom Mr. Beale had sent to guide us to his camp on the Savoya Creek, to which he had moved during my absence. We found Mr. Beale and his small party all well, and anxiously expecting us. Their camp was surrounded by a considerable number of Utahs, some of whom I recognized as the same we had met near the Sahwatch, on the 2d of July.

Soon after we got into camp, Mr. Beale dispatched Wagner and Galliego to Grand River with the bull-hides, directing them to make a boat should they fail in finding a ford; and a little later we proceeded to the Nawaquasitch, so as to make an early start on the morrow and reach Grand River before night. Day's travel, 42 miles; distance from Taos, 276 miles.

MR. BEALE'S SEPARATE JOURNAL DURING MY VOYAGE TO TAOS AND BACK.

Mr. Beale commences his journal on the day that we parted; with the reasons for sending back, and the names of those who went, and of those who remained with him.

July 1, 1853. Rogers, Riggs, Cosgrove, George, Dolan, Juan, and Gregorio left us to return to the settlements, and go thence by Salt Lake to California. This was on account of one of our party, whom I did not think could stand the farther hardships of the journey. Harris Heap and Felipe Archilete went in also to show them the nearest road, and to guide them to Taos, and get supplies. Remained in camp to await the return of Heap, with provisions, &c. Remained with me the Delaware (Dick Brown), Felipe Archilete, Jr., Harry Young, and Wagner. Nothing to eat in camp; sent the Delaware out to hunt, and we commenced a house. About nine, Dick returned with a buck; finished the house; sick with dysentery. We find the venison good, it being the first meat or food of any kind, except cornmeal and water, we have had for a week.

July 2. Weather pleasant; mosquitos abundant, but not troublesome; washed the two dirty shirts which composed my wardrobe. No signs of Indians, and begin to hope we shall not be troubled with them. Nevertheless, keep the *fright medicine** at hand, and the guns ready. Grass abundant and good, animals thriving; the Delaware killed an elk; dried some meat; still sick.

July 3. Employed the day in drying the meat killed yesterday. Weather very hot; but for the sunshine one would suppose it to be snowing, the air being filled with light fleeces like snow-flakes from the cottonwood. The creek is falling, but slowly. Time drags very heavily; three days gone, however, and nine remain; twelve days being the time allotted to go and return from Taos.

July 4. Celebrated the day by eating our last two cups of pinole; felt highly excited by it. Henceforth we go it on tobacco and dried meat. The Delaware killed a doe, tolerably fat; dried the meat; still sick; bathed in creek; found the water excessively cold, but felt much refreshed and better after the bath, besides having killed an hour by it—a very important item.

July 5. To-day we killed only a rabbit. The day has been somewhat cool, though the evening is dry and sultry, and the mosquitos much more troublesome than usual. Took a bath, which seems to give me relief from my malady, which, thank God, is no worse. We hope that our men have reached Taos this evening.

July 6. To-day has been cloudy, with rain in the mountains all around us, though but a few scattering drops have reached the valley. We all complain this evening of great weakness and entire lack of energy, with dizziness in the head, and do not know from what cause it proceeds. The bath in the creek has not had its usual invigorating effect; mosquitos very troublesome; made a little soup in a tin box and found it tolerable.

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* Our medicine chest had been intended for a lady's use, and contained a bottle of anodyne drops, labelled with the following directions: "Three drops, to allay palpitations of the heart occasioned by fright."

July 7. For the last two days we have killed nothing. This evening we had quite a shower of rain; started to take a long walk, but broke down very soon, being too weak to go far. I find my sickness worse to-day, but it is the least of my anxieties. Would to God I had none other! Took the usual evening bath in the creek, which has slightly fallen during the day, and the water not quite so cold, which encourages me to hope that the supply of snow in the mountains is nearly exhausted.

July 8. This morning our anxieties from Indians have commenced. At ten o'clock three of them rode into camp, and shortly afterwards some dozen more.

July 9. Yesterday, after the Indians arrived, I gave them what little tobacco we could spare and some of our small stock of dried elk meat. After eating and smoking for awhile they insisted on my accompanying them to their camp, which was some ten miles off. I explained to them as well as I could who I was.

Knowing that it is best always to act boldly with Indians, as if you felt no fear whatever, I armed myself and started with them. Our road for a mile or two led over a barren plain, thickly covered with grease wood, but we soon struck the base of the mountain, where the firm rich mountain grass swept our saddle-girths as we cantered over it. We crossed a considerable mountain covered with timber and grass, and near the summit of which was quite a cluster of small, but very clear and apparently deep lakes. They were not more than an acre or two in size, and some not even that, but surrounded by luxuriant grass, and perched away up on the mountain, with fine timber quite near them. It was the most beautiful scenery in the world; it formed quite a hunter's paradise, for deer and elk bounded off from us as we approached, and then stood within rifle-shot, looking back in astonishment. A few hours' ride brought us to the Indian camp; and I wish here I could describe the beauty of the charming valley in which they lived. It was small, probably not more than five miles wide by fifteen long, but surrounded on all sides by the boldest mountains, covered to their summits with alternate patches of timber and grass, giving it the appearance of having been regularly laid off in small farms. Through the centre a fine bold stream, probably three feet deep by forty wide, watered the meadow land, and gave the last touch which the valley required to make it the most beautiful I had ever seen. Hundreds of horses and goats were feeding on the meadows and hill-sides, and the Indian lodges, with the women and children standing in front of them to look at the approaching stranger, strongly reminded me of the old patriarchal times, when flocks and herds made the wealth and happiness of the people, and a tent was as good as a palace. I was conducted to the lodge of the chief, an old and infirm man, who welcomed me kindly, and told me his young men had told him I had given of my small store to them, and to "sit in peace."

I brought out my pipe, filled it, and we smoked together. In about fifteen minutes a squaw brought in two large wooden platters, containing some very fat deer meat and some boiled corn, to which I did ample justice. After this followed a dish which one must have been two weeks without bread to have appreciated as I did. Never, at the tables of the wealthiest in Washington, did I find a dish which appeared to me so perfectly without a parallel. It was some cornmeal boiled in goats' milk, with a little elk fat. I think I certainly ate near half a peck of this delicious atole, and then stopped, not because I had enough, but because I had scraped the dish dry with my fingers, and licked them as long as the smallest particle remained, which is "manners" among Indians, and also among Arabs. Eat all they give you, or get somebody to do it for you, is to honor the hospitality you receive. To leave any is a slight. I needed not the rule to make me eat all.

After this we smoked again, and when about to start I found a large bag of dried meat and a peck of corn put up for me to take to my people.

Bidding a friendly good-by to my hosts, and dividing among them about a pound of tobacco and two handkerchiefs, and giving the old chief the battered remains of a small leaden picayune looking-glass, I mounted my mule to return. The sun was just setting when I started, and before reaching the summit of the mountain it was quite dark. As there was no road, and the creeks very dark in the bottoms, I had a most toilsome time of it. At one creek, which I reached after very great difficulty in getting through the thick and almost impenetrable undergrowth, it was so dark that I could see nothing; but, trusting to luck, I jumped my mule off the bank and brought up in water nearly covering my saddle. Getting in was bad enough, but coming out was worse; for, finding the banks high on the other side, I was obliged to follow down the stream for half a mile or more, not knowing when I should be swimming, until I succeeded with great difficulty in getting out through the tangled brushwood on the opposite side. I arrived at camp late at night, and found my men very anxiously awaiting my return, having almost concluded to give me up, and to think I had lost my "hair." A little rain.

July 11. To-day I raised camp, and went over to the valley of the Savoya, near my Indian neighbors. The more I see of this valley the more I am delighted with it. I cannot say how it may be in winter, but at this time it is certainly the most beautiful valley, and the richest in grass, wood, soil, and water, I have ever seen. The Delaware brought into camp last evening a small deer, alive, which he had caught in the mountains. It was a beautiful creature, but escaped in the night.

July 12. Went out this morning with the Indians to hunt. They lent me a fine horse; but God forbid that I should ever hunt with such Indians again! I thought I had seen something of rough riding before; but all my experience faded before that of the feats of to-day. Some places which we ascended and descended it seemed to me that even a wild-cat could hardly have passed over; and yet their active and thoroughly well-trained horses took them as part of the sport, and never made a misstep or blunder during the entire day. We killed three antelopes and a young deer. Yesterday an Indian, while sitting at our camp, broke the mainspring of his rifle lock. His distress was beyond anything within the power of description. To him it was everything. The "corn, wine, and oil" of his family depended on it, and he sat for an hour looking upon the wreck of his fortune in perfect despair. He appeared so much cast down by it that at last I went into our lodge and brought my rifle, which I gave him to replace the broken one. At first he could not realize it, but as the truth gradually broke upon him, his joy became so great that he could scarce control himself; and when he returned that night he was the happiest man I have seen for many a day.

These Indians are all well armed and mounted, and the very best shots and hunters. Our revolvers seem, however, to be a never-failing source of astonishment to them, and they are never tired of examining them. Yesterday, I allowed them to fire two of ours at a mark, at thirty paces. They shot admirably well, putting all the shots within a space of the small mark (size of a half dollar), and hitting it several times. A rainy day.

July 13. To-day has been showery, and the evening still cloudy, and promising more rain during the night. Our eyes are now turned constantly to the opposite side of the valley, down which the road winds by which we expect our companions from Taos.

These days have been the most weary and anxious of my whole life. Sometimes I am almost crazy with thinking constantly on one subject, and the probable disastrous result which this delay may have on my business in California.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
The heart that is content will take
These for a hermitage."

God knows I have done all for the best, and with the best intentions. A great many Indians came into the valley this evening. Ten lodges in all, which, with the fifteen already here, and more on the road, make up a pretty large band. Dick killed an antelope. Last two nights have slept in wet blankets, and expect the same to-night. Last night it rained all night. The Spanish boy has been quite ill for two days past.

July 14. This morning I explored the mountain lying to the north of our camp, forming a picturesque portion of our front view. After ascending the mountain and reaching the summit, I found it a vast plateau of rolling prairie land, covered with the most beautiful grass, and heavily timbered. At some places the growth of timber would be so dense as to render riding through it impossible without great difficulty; while at others it would break into beautiful open glades, leaving spaces of a hundred acres or more of open prairie, with groups of trees, looking precisely as if some wealthy planter had amused himself by planting them expressly to beautify his grounds. Springs were abundant, and small streams intersected the whole plateau. In fact, it was an immense natural park, already stocked with deer and elk, and only requiring a fence to make it an estate for a king. Directly opposite, to the south, is another mountain, in every respect similar, and our valley, more beautiful to me than either, lies between them. In the evening took a long ride on the trail to meet our long-expected companions. I did not meet them, and returned disappointed, worried, and more anxious than ever.

July 15. This has been a great day for our Indian neighbors. Two different bands of the same tribe have met, and a great contest is going on to prove which has the best horses. They have been at it since the morning, and many a buckskin has changed hands. The horses are all handsome, and run remarkably well. We have had more than fifty races; a surfeit of them, if such a thing as a surfeit of horseracing is possible.

July 16. Here at last. This morning I saddled my mule to go and hunt up our expected companions. I had not gone far before I met about fifty Indians, from whom I could learn nothing of them, and was beginning to despair, when I met a loose mule, and, as I knew it was not one of the Indians', I concluded it must belong to some of our companions. Going on a mile or two farther, I met Felipe, who told me that Heap and the others were just behind. I immediately returned to camp to get dinner ready for them, so that we might go on this evening to the Uncompagre. Here terminates the most unpleasant sixteen days of my life; but for this beautiful country, to look at and explore, I think I should have gone crazy. The time seemed endless to me, but my zealous comrades had not unnecessarily lengthened it, for they had averaged 45 miles a day during the double journey (going and coming), and that through the whole mass of mountains which lie between the Upper Del Norte and the Grand River Fork of the great Colorado (Red River) of the Gulf of California.

Here ends Mr. BEALE's separate journal.

CHAPTER V.

JOURNEY TO THE MORMON SETTLEMENTS NEAR LAS VEGAS DE SANTA CLARA.

July 17. We were now again united, and freed from the anxiety for each other's safety which had been weighing on us since the day of our separation. We resumed our journey at sunrise, with the hope of soon overcoming all difficulties. Although the sun rose in a cloudless sky, yet before noon the rain commenced falling in heavy showers. Mr. Beale and myself, having much to relate to each other, rode several miles ahead of the men. We descended to the plain at the foot of the Sahwatch mountains by the same trail over which we had already twice travelled, and which was now familiar to us. On approaching the Uncompagre, we travelled parallel with its course towards Grand River, keeping on the trail of the two men sent ahead the day before with the hides to construct the boat. At noon, we noticed two recumbent figures on a distant butte, with horses standing near them; when we had approached within a mile they sprang to their saddles and galloped towards us at full speed. They were Utah Indians, on a scout, and evinced no fear of us, but, approaching, frankly offered us their hands. We conversed with them partly by signs and partly by means of the few Utah words which we had picked up, and their scanty knowledge of Spanish, which extended only to the names of a few objects and animals. They told us that large numbers of their tribe were encamped a few miles below, on the Uncompagre, and, bidding them farewell, we went on to meet our train.

Soon after parting with them, we saw on the hill-sides and river bottom, a vast number of gayly-colored lodges, and numerous bands of Indians arriving from the northward. Upon approaching, we were received by a number of the oldest men, who invited us to ascend a low, but steep hill, where most of the chiefs were seated. From this point we had a view of an animated and interesting scene. On every side fresh bands of Indians were pouring in, and the women were kept busy in erecting their lodges in the bottom near the Uncompagre, as well as on the higher land nearer to us. Horses harnessed to lodge poles, on which were packed their various property, and in many cases their children, were arriving, and large bands of loose horses and mules were being driven to the river side to drink or to pasture. Squaws were going to the stream for water, whilst others were returning with their osier jars filled, and poised on their heads. Some of the young men were galloping around on their high-mettled horses, and others, stretched lazily on the grass, were patiently waiting until their better halves had completed the construction of their lodges, and announced that the evening meal was prepared. All the males, from the old man to the stripling of four years, were armed with bows and arrows, and most of the men had serviceable rifles. We almost fancied that we had before us a predatory tribe of Scythians or Numidians, so similar are these Indians in their dress, accoutrements, and habits, to what we have learned of those people.

An old chief, who, we were told, was one of their great men, addressed us a discourse, which very soon went beyond the limits of our knowledge of the Utah tongue, but we listened to it with the appearance of not only understanding the subject, but also of being highly interested with it. Our men, with Felipe Archilete, the guide and interpreter, were many miles in the rear, and we waited until their arrival, for Mr. Beale wished to take advantage of this opportunity to have a conversation with these chiefs, two of whom were the highest in the nation.

When Felipe came up, Mr. Beale and the capitanos, as they styled themselves, engaged in a long "talk." Mr. Beale told them that many Americans would be soon passing through their country on their way to the Mormon settlements and California, with wagons and herds, and that, if they treated the whites well, either by aiding them when in difficulty, guiding them through the mountains, and across the rivers, or by furnishing them with food when they needed it, they would always be amply rewarded. They appeared much gratified to hear this, and by way, no doubt, of testing whether his practice coincided with his preaching, intimated that they would be well pleased to receive, then, some of the presents of which he spoke; remarking, that as we had passed through their country, used their pasturage, lived among their people, and had even been fed by them, it was but proper that some small return should be made for so many favors. This was an argument which Mr. Beale had not foreseen; but having no presents to give them, he explained how it was; that, having lost everything we possessed in Grand River, it was out of his power to gratify them. This explanation did not appear at all satisfactory, nor did they seem altogether to credit him. They were very covetous of our rifles, but we could not, of course, part with them. The old chief became taciturn and sulky, and glanced towards us occasionally with a malignant expression.

We took no notice of his ill-temper, but lit our pipes and passed them around. In the meanwhile, our men had, in accordance with Mr. Beale's directions, proceeded to Grand River, where they were to seek for Wagner and Galliego, and encamp with them. Felipe, whose quick and restless eye was always on the watch, dropped us a hint, in a few words, that it was becoming unsafe to remain longer in the midst of these savages, for he had noticed symptoms of very unfriendly feelings.

We were seated in a semicircle on the brow of a steep hill, and a large crowd had collected around us. Rising without exhibiting any haste, we adjusted our saddles, relit our pipes, and shaking hands with the chiefs who were nearest to us, mounted and rode slowly down the hill, followed by a large number of Utahs, who, upon our rising to leave them, had sprung to their saddles. The older men remained seated, and our escort consisted almost entirely of young warriors. They galloped around us in every direction; occasionally, a squad of four or five would charge upon us at full speed, reining up suddenly, barely avoiding riding over us and our mules. They did this to try our mettle, but as we took little notice of them, and affected perfect unconcern, they finally desisted from their dangerous sport. At one time, the conduct of a young chief, the son of El Capitan Grande, was near occasioning serious consequences. He charged upon Felipe with a savage yell, every feature apparently distorted with rage; his horse struck Felipe's mule, and very nearly threw them both to the ground. The Indian then seizing Felipe's rifle, endeavored to wrench it from his hands, but the latter held firmly to his gun, telling us at the same time not to interfere. We and the Indians formed a circle around them, as they sat in their saddles, each holding on to the gun, whose muzzle was pointed full at the Indian's breast. He uttered many imprecations, and urged his followers to lend him their assistance. They looked at us inquiringly, and we cocked our rifles—the hint was sufficient—they declined interfering. For some minutes the Utah and Felipe remained motionless, glaring at each other like two game-cocks, each watching with flashing eyes for an opportunity to assail his rival. Seeing that to trifle longer would be folly, Felipe, who held the butt-end of the rifle, deliberately placed his thumb on the hammer, and raising it slowly, gave warning to the young chief, by two ominous clicks, that his life was in danger. For a moment longer, the Utah eyed Felipe, and then, with an indescribable grunt, pushed the rifle from him, and lashing his horse furiously, rode away from us at full speed. Felipe gave us a sly wink, and uttered the highly original ejaculation—"Carajo!"

We crossed the Uncompagre about twelve miles above our former fording-place. The rain, which had been falling at intervals all day, now descended in torrents, and the river soon became so deep and rapid, that our return was entirely cut off. Our object in crossing it was to ascertain the condition of Grand River, where we had previously been balked by the loss of the canoe. We travelled until nine o'clock, when we met some Utahs sent by Wagner to inform us that he had found a ford, which would dispense with the necessity of building a boat. The rain not abating, and having ridden since morning upwards of fifty miles, we concluded to accept the hospitality of our Indian friends, who offered us a lodge in an encampment, which we soon after reached. It consisted of six large deer-skin lodges on the brow of a hill overlooking in front the angry current of the Uncompagre, whilst on the left was Grand River, about a mile distant. From this point we saw numerous fires dotting the opposite shores of the Uncompagre, amongst which shone a larger one lit by our men, for the purpose of guiding us through the storm to their encampment. Before we entered the lodge, a number of squaws and children issued from it, to make room for us, and scattered themselves among the other lodges; the men remained, squatting closely together on one side, while Mr. Beale, myself, and Felipe, spreading our saddle-blankets near the fire, threw ourselves, in utter weariness, upon them. At this moment we would willingly have sold our birthrights for a mess of pottage, for we had tasted nothing since dawn.

We soon lit and passed around the friendly pipe, and made ourselves as comfortable and as much "at home" as circumstances would permit. The flickering blaze of the fire fell on the wrinkled visages of two or three old squaws, who had quietly crept near the door for a view of the "Mericanos," while outside, and peering over each other's shoulders, were a group of girls, whose bright eyes and laughing faces disclosing their pearly teeth, formed an agreeable contrast with the serious and even surly countenances of the men, and haggard appearance of the older squaws. Knowing that our men would feel anxious on account of our prolonged absence (for having left us in the midst of the Indian encampment they had good reason to fear for our safety), Mr. Beale inquired whether there was any one who would undertake to carry a message to them across the river. A handsome young Indian volunteered to go, and Mr. Beale liberally promised to reward him on his return with a plug of tobacco, which he exhibited, to prove that he was in earnest. This generosity was duly appreciated; and it is probable that, with the offer of a few more plugs, the whole band might have been sent over as attachés to the embassy. Mr. Beale wrote to Young, to send us coffee, sugar, and biscuit; and our messenger, having stripped to the buff, rolled the paper up, and carefully thrust it through the lobe of his ear, which was pierced with large holes. Mounting a powerful horse, he disappeared in the darkness, towards the Uncompagre.

Much sooner than we had anticipated, he returned—his horse as well as himself—dripping with moisture, and brought, safely tied on the top of his head, the articles Mr. Beale had written for. He also carried in his ear a note from Young, stating that the Indians were quite peaceable and well-disposed, and had indicated a ford near which our men were encamped.

All uneasiness, on their account, being set at rest, we gave ourselves up entirely to the enjoyment of our novel situation. Knowing that nothing, not excepting music, "hath such charms to soothe the savage breast" as a good *feed*, Felipe asked for a large kettle, which was soon produced, and suspended from three sticks, over the fire. This he filled with coffee, well sweetened, and threw in also the biscuit. Affairs were now assuming an aspect which our hosts appeared to consider of intense interest. Their eyes did not wander for a moment from the magic kettle; and their half-opened mouths actually watered as the delicious aroma of the coffee filled the lodge. Felipe now called for our cups, which we carried suspended to our saddles, and for every other utensil in the camp, and served the delicious beverage around. The redskins sipped it scalding hot, accompanying each sip with a deep *ugh!* signifying their great enjoyment; and, having drained their cups to the dregs, they rubbed their stomachs, in token of its having done them infinite good. Fatigued as we were we soon stretched ourselves out to sleep, and though the wind howled around us, and the rain fell all night, we slept soundly and comfortably, the fire in the centre keeping the lodge quite warm, whilst an aperture in the top allowed the smoke to escape freely. Days travel, 50 miles; distance from Taos, 326 miles.

July 18. We saddled up at early dawn, swam our mules across the Uncompagre, and rejoined our men. They informed us that Juan Cordova had deserted the day before, and returned to Mr. Beale's encampment on the Savoya in company with the two Indians we had met in the morning, and who were going that way.

We found camp filled with Indians, who, however, behaved in a friendly manner, and had even supplied the men with a bucket-full of goat's milk. No time was lost in preparing to ford Grand River, and some Indians went ahead to show us the way. On reaching the stream we found that it had fallen about six feet, and under the guidance of the Indians had no difficulty in getting over. The water reached nearly to the mules' backs, but the packs had been secured so high as to prevent their getting wet.

The Indians followed us across in large numbers, and at times tried our patience to the utmost. They numbered about two hundred and fifty warriors, and were all mounted on fine horses, and well armed with bows and arrows, having laid aside their rifles, which Felipe considered a sign that their designs were unfriendly, as they never carry them when they intend to fight on horseback. Their appearance, as they whirled around us at full speed, clothed in bright colors, and occasionally charging upon us with a loud yell, made a striking contrast with that of our party, mounted as we were upon mules, in the half-naked condition in which we had crossed the river (for it was dangerous to stop for a moment to dress). They enjoyed many laughs at our expense, taunting us, and comparing us, from our bearded appearance, to goats, and calling us beggarly cowards and women. Most of these compliments were lost to us at the time, but Felipe afterwards explained them. The old chief, the same who had given us such a surly reception on the preceding day, and his son, who had made a trial of strength with Felipe for his rifle, soon joined us, and behaved with much insolence, demanding presents in an imperious manner, and even endeavored to wrench our guns from our hands, threatening to "wipe us out" if we refused to comply with their wishes. They frequently harangued the young men, and abused us violently for traversing their country, using their grass and timber without making them any acknowledgment for the obligation. The latter listened in silence, but most of them remained calm and unmoved, and evinced no disposition to molest us. The chiefs then changed their tactics, and endeavored to provoke us to commence hostilities. Mr. Beale calmly explained to them that, having lost everything in the river, he was unable to make them such presents as he would have desired, and added (addressing himself to the chiefs) that he clearly saw that they were evil-hearted men; for, after treating us as brothers and friends, they were now endeavoring to make bad blood between us and their people. He ended by telling them that we had a few articles which he would have distributed to them, had they not behaved in so unfriendly a manner; but that now, the only terms upon which they could obtain them was by giving a horse in exchange. Mr. Beale's motive for not giving them presents was our inability to satisfy the whole party, for all we possessed was a piece of cloth, a calico shirt, and some brass wire, and these articles, valueless as they were, if given to a few, would have excited the jealousy and ill-will of the less fortunate, and thus made them our enemies. The Indians, however, declined giving a horse in exchange for what we offered, saying that it would not be a fair bargain. Mr. Beale then said: "If you want to trade, we will trade; if you want to fight, we will fight;" requesting those who were not inclined to hostilities, to stand aside, as we had no wish to injure our friends.

The chiefs, finding themselves in the minority as regarded fighting, finally consented to give us a mare for our goods; and after the trade was made we parted, much relieved at getting rid of such ugly customers.

The Utahs had been in company with us for several hours, and had often separated our party. During all this time our rifles were held ready for use, not knowing at what moment the conflict might commence. Had we come to blows, there is no doubt that we should have been instantly overwhelmed. The Delaware had kept constantly aloof from the party, never allowing an Indian to get behind him; and although he silently, but sullenly, resisted the attempts that were made to snatch his rifle from his grasp, he never for a moment removed his eyes from the old chief, but glared at him with a ferocity so peculiar, that it was evident that feelings even stronger than any that could arise from his present proceedings, prompted the Delaware's ire against the rascally Utah. Dick subsequently told us that, when he was a boy, he had fallen into the hands of this same old chief, who had been urgent to put him to death. Dick had nursed his revenge with an Indian's constancy, and, upon the first blow, intended to send a rifle ball through his skull.

Several times Felipe warned us to be on our guard, as the attack was about to commence, and Mr. Beale directed all to dismount upon the first unequivocal act of hostility, to stand each man behind his mule, and to take deliberate aim before firing.

Travelling down Grand River, at some distance from its right bank, we came to where it flowed through a cañon. The ground on either side of the river was much broken by ravines. The country, about a mile from the river, was barren and level, producing nothing but wild sage and prickly pear. After a harassing day we encamped on a rapid, clear and cool brook, with good pasturage on its banks, called in the

Utah language, the Cerenoquinti; it issues from the Pareamoot Mountains and flows into Grand River. Day's travel, 25 miles; whole distance from Westport, computed from June 23, 976 miles.

July 19. Resumed our journey at 5.30 A. M., and travelling twelve miles southwest over a level and barren country, encamped on the Avonkarea (Blue River, Utah tongue). Our encampment was on a high rocky bluff overhanging the stream, and offering a beautiful view of its course. The scenery was grand beyond description; the fantastic shapes of the mountains to the northward resembled in some places interminable ranges of fortifications, battlements, and towers, and in others immense Gothic cathedrals; the whole was bathed in the beautiful colors thrown over the sky and mountains, and reflected in the stream by a glowing sunset.

This river was broader and more rapid than Grand River, and, as we had anticipated, entirely too deep to ford. At the point where we encamped, it was about three hundred yards in breadth, and it had evidently recently been much wider. It frothed and foamed as it rushed impetuously past the rocks, bearing on its bosom huge trees, which rolled and writhed like drowning giants. The men immediately commenced making a frame for the boat, the qualities of which we were about to test. The keel and longitudinal ribs were made with saplings, and the transverse ribs with small limbs of willow, which bent easily to any shape required. The hides—two of which had been closely sewed together—were softened by soaking in the river, spread under the frame; and the edges, perforated with holes, were brought up its sides and tightly laced to them with thongs. The boat was finished by sunset, and, although neither as light nor as graceful as a birch-bark canoe, it promised to carry us and our packs over safely.

Soon after arriving at the Avonkarea, we were hailed from the opposite shore by a Mexican, who informed us that he and his party had been waiting twenty days for the waters to fall, being unable to cross over.

He stated that they had left the Mormon settlements at the Vegas de Santa Clara on the 20th of June, and had lost two of their men by drowning in Green River. Mr. Beale promised to assist them over.—12 miles; 988 miles.

July 20. Commenced crossing at an early hour. The boat answered admirably; it was buoyant, easily managed, and safe. Before sunset most of the train had crossed, and the Delaware had succeeded in swimming the mules over, by following in their wake, and heading off those that tried to turn back. It took us longer than we had anticipated, to get our effects across, as it was necessary at each trip to tow the boat some distance up the right bank, in order to make our encampment on the left, without drifting below it. The current was very rapid, and the work of towing the boat up through the bushes which overhung the stream, very laborious. Some of the Mexicans and a few of their packs were carried in safety to the left bank. It rained heavily during the afternoon, and we passed a wet night under our blankets. The camp was crowded with Indians, who were anxious to trade, but were not troublesome. As some of them passed the night with us, we allowed our animals to run with theirs.

Henry Young was at one time in a very precarious position, from which he was relieved with difficulty. One of the mules had stubbornly resisted every effort to get her over, and had finally made a landing under a high precipice on the left shore, from which it was impossible to dislodge her, without going into the water and swimming to the spot. This was attempted by Young, and as the current here swept down with tremendous velocity, he was on the point of drowning, when fortunately he seized a rock, upon which he landed. It was now dark, the rain falling fast, and to have passed the night in this situation was certain destruction, for he was under a precipice, and in front of him roared the Avonkarea. No one knew that he had gone into the water, and we were not aware of his distress until he had attracted our attention by his shouts, and a flash of lightning revealed him to us. The boat was got down to him after more than an hour's work, and he was finally brought into camp nearly frozen.

July 21. The remainder of the packs and men crossed in the morning, and the day was consumed in sending the rest of the Mexicans and their luggage to the opposite side. They were also assisted in crossing over their animals. These men reported that they had been badly treated by the Mormons at the Vegas de Santa Clara, and that two of their number had been put in jail. They warned us to be on our guard, when we arrived in Utah Territory, as they (the Mormons) had threatened to shoot or imprison all Americans passing through their country. Notwithstanding their plausible story, the Mexicans only impressed us with the belief that, having misbehaved, they had received the chastisement they deserved, for it was well known to us that the Mormons strictly prohibited the practice of the natives of New Mexico of bartering firearms and ammunition with the Indians for their children.

We wrote many letters by these men, which they promised to deliver to Mr. Leroux, in Taos.

The hides were removed from the frame of the boat and reserved for future use, and having got our animals together we resumed our march at 7 P. M.

The Avonkarea joins Grand River five or six miles below where we crossed it. We travelled down the last-mentioned stream, our course being southwest, and encamped at 11 P. M. at Camp L'Amoureux, so called after a French trapper who trapped here for several years, until drowned in Grand River. Our road lay over a level plain, whose loose, rotten soil was covered with a thick growth of artemisia, cactus, and greasewood. At this camp, both grass and timber were abundant, but the mosquitos allowed no rest to man or beast. A plain extends on this side of the river about twelve miles in breadth, bounded on the northwest by a range of steep, bald, and deeply furrowed mountains. Day's travel, 16 miles; total distance from Westport, 1,004 miles.

July 22. We were in the saddle at 7.30 A. M., and in ten miles reached the Rio Salado (Salt Creek), and following down its bed, which only contained water in holes, encamped on Grand River, near where it (Salt Creek) discharges itself. This creek is a running stream in winter, and its water is then drinkable; but it ceases to run in summer, and its water, which is then only found in hollows, is very brackish. Wherever the main river (Grand River) can be reached, which is practicable at some points, there are good camping places, where grass and timber are abundant.

The face of the country, as on the previous day, was an arid plain, with scanty vegetation. To the northwest, at a distance of eight miles, was a range of steep bluffs, and Grand River, on our left, was shut from view by naked hills.

A few Indians visited camp, and partook of our dinner. We obtained from them some beautiful buckskins, which the Utahs have a skilful mode of preparing. They told us that the river abounded with large fish, and one of the men immediately manufactured a hook with a horseshoe nail. We had satisfactory evidence of the weight of the fish, for the first that bit carried away "hook and line, bob and sinker."

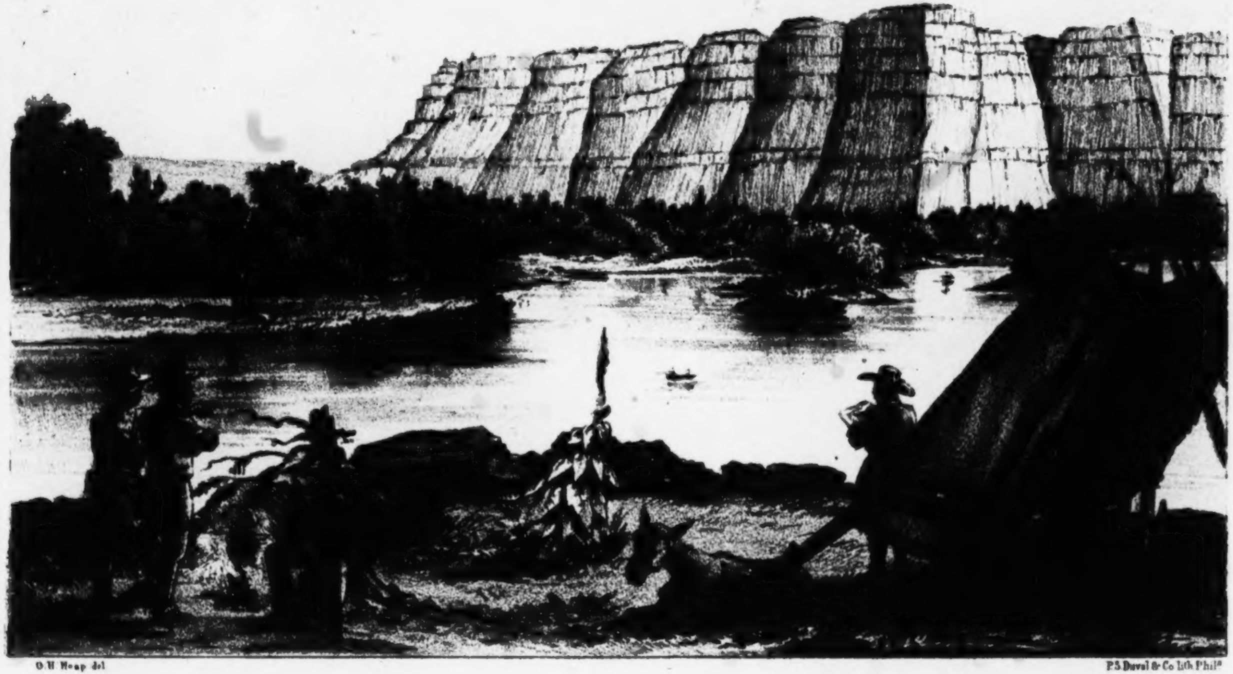
Travelled twenty miles in the afternoon, and encamped again late at night on Grand River. To avoid the mosquitos, some slept on the top of a lofty rock, and were tolerably free from their annoyance; but those who made their beds below were allowed no rest. From the Rio Salado, our route lay over arid hills of sand and sandstone. 30 miles; 1,034 miles.

July 23. Raised camp at sunrise, travelling over rough and barren hills near the river, and at 10 A. M. rested for the last time on its banks. The scenery here was picturesque. On our side, the stream was overhung by high cliffs of dazzlingly white sandstone, against which it dashed with violence; whilst on the left shore were extensive meadows, ornamented with numerous clusters of trees. All hands bathed in the river, and found its waters cool and refreshing. The heat of the weather was intense, until a distant thunderstorm refreshed the air.

Resuming our journey, we left Grand River, and, directing our course west-southwest across a sandy and parched plain towards Green River, stopped for the night at 10 P. M., at a place where there was scanty grass and no water; but we had brought a supply for our own use, and had watered the mules before starting. Day's travel, 36 miles; total distance, 1,070 miles.

July 24. The men passed a refreshing night, perfectly free from the mosquitos, which had been a source of such serious annoyance since leaving the settlements in New Mexico. Started at 5 A. M., and, travelling thirty-five miles, encamped on Green River Fork of the Great Colorado at 1 P. M.

The country we traversed was stony and broken by dry watercourses. On every side, and principally to the north and northeast, extended ranges of rugged hills, bare of vegetation, and seamed with ravines. On their summits were rocks of fantastic



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P.S. Duval & Co lith Phil^{a}

VIEW ON GREEN RIVER.

shapes, resembling pyramids, obelisks, churches, and towers, and having all the appearance of a vast city in the distance. The only vegetation was a scanty growth of stunted wild sage and cacti, except at a point known as the Hole in the Rock, where there were willows and other plants denoting the vicinity of water, but we found none on our route. The sun was exceedingly hot, and we, as well as our mules, were glad to reach the river, where we could relieve our thirst. Saw four antelopes near Green River, to which the Delaware immediately gave chase, but was unable to get within gunshot.

Green River was broader and deeper than either Grand River or the Avonkarea, but its current was neither so rapid nor so turbulent. The scenery on its banks was grand and solemn, and we had an excellent view of it from our camping place on a high bluff.

The frame of the boat was commenced at once. Some Indians made their appearance on the opposite shore, and one of them swam over to our side, assisted by a log, on which he occasionally rested. Day's travel, 35 miles; total distance, 1,105 miles.

July 25. At an early hour the men resumed their work on the boat; the hides were found to be rotten and full of holes, as we had neglected to dry them after crossing the Avonkarea; but by dint of patching with pieces of India-rubber blankets and sheepskins, and smearing the seams with a mixture of tallow, flour, soap, and pulverized charcoal, the boat was made sufficiently tight, that, with constant bailing, all the men and packs were carried over in four trips. I went with the first load to guard our packs, as Indians were on the left bank watching our proceedings.

Mr. Beale made great exertions to hurry the train over this river. He went across at every trip, jumping into the river where it was shallow, and taking the boat in tow until he was beyond his depth. He was thus for many hours in the water, encouraging the men by his example. We had now an excellent party; the men were daring and adroit; they exhibited no fear when we were so hard pressed by the Utahs, and when exposure or toil was required of them, not one flinched from his duty. Some appeared almost to rejoice whenever there was a difficulty to overcome, and we never heard the Delaware's wild shout and laugh without suspecting that either he or his mule had got into some predicament, either by sliding down a bank, or getting into the mire, or entangled in a jungle. He never asked for help, and rejected all assistance, relying on himself in every emergency.

At sunset, the crossing of Green River was effected, and we gladly gave the boat to the Indians, who ripped it to pieces to make moccasson soles of the hides. We proceeded a mile up the stream, and encamped in the midst of luxuriant grass. A band of twenty-five mounted Utahs accompanied us and passed the night in our camp; we gave them to eat, and they seemed quite friendly. Their accounts of the Mormons corroborated what the Indians and Mexicans on the Avonkarea had told us. Day's travel, 1 mile; whole distance, 1,106 miles.

July 26. In the morning the Utahs, who, the night before, were apparently so friendly, showed a disposition to be insolent, but our party keeping close together, they did not dare to commence hostilities; most of them had rifles, and all had bows and quivers full of arrows with obsidian heads. They accompanied us for some miles, importuning us for presents, and finally left us in a bad humor. Had we been able to conciliate these Indians with a few gifts, such as blankets, beads, tobacco, brass wire, &c., we should not have had the least trouble with them. We parted on friendly terms with those on the Savoya, where Mr. Beale had remained during my journey to Taos; for, on leaving, he distributed a variety of small articles which I had brought for them, and with which they were entirely satisfied.

Started at five, and at noon encamped at Green River Spring. The water here was cool, but not abundant; it is, however, constant, and good grass and some cottonwoods and willows are found around it.

The character of the country and soil continued unchanged, rocky ridges worn into fantastic shapes, and soil loose, dry, and barren. The trail led through rocky ravines of red sandstone. Day's travel, 18 miles; whole distance, 1,124 miles.

July 27. We were on the road before daylight, and travelled thirty-eight miles west by south; crossing the east fork of San Rafael Creek, we halted at 8 P. M. on the west fork, a few miles above their junction, and twenty from where this creek flows into Green River. At our encampment, the creek was seven yards in breadth and eighteen inches deep. The water was cool and sweet, and good pasturage on its banks.

The trail led us over low hills much cut up by dry and rocky ravines, and on our right were sandstone bluffs. Vegetation was scanty, principally dwarf cedars, artemisia, and cactus, and occasionally patches of grama grass. We found no water from camp to camp. A longer trail than the one we took leads through a level valley. About twelve miles from Green River Spring, the country opened to the north and northwest, showing a level plain to the foot of the Wahsatch Mountains. These mountains extended north, west, and southwest as far as our sight could reach, and some of the loftiest were capped with snow. The heat of the sun was tempered by a pleasant westerly breeze. Day's travel, 38 miles; whole distance, 1,164.

July 28. Travelled twenty miles south by west, and halted at noon on the Rio del Moro (Castle Creek, so called on account of buttes near it resembling fortifications). In ten miles from the San Rafael, crossed a broad brook of clear and cool water, running into Green River. Between the streams vegetation was scanty and stunted, and the soil clayey, dry, and barren; to the westward were steep hills, beyond which could be seen the green and wooded slopes of the Wahsatch range.

Noticed fresh tracks of animals going north, evidently those of cattle stolen by Indians, from the Mormons.

Our noon camp was near the point where Moro Creek issued from the mountains. The clayey soil of which they are composed had been washed by rains, into the strangest shapes. At times, long lines of battlements presented themselves; at others, immense Gothic cathedrals, with all their quaint pinnacles and turrets, which reminded us of the ruined castles and churches that we had seen in our travels in the old world. The different colors of the clay added to the singularity of the scenery, and strengthened the resemblance.

In the afternoon, we continued to travel parallel to the hills in a south by west course, and in seven miles came to a gap, giving issue to a small stream, which we ascended three miles. The aridity of the country continued unchanged; the looseness of the soil, constantly kept shifting by rains, prevented much vegetation except in bottom lands; there was a scanty growth of some of the hardier plants, such as dwarf cedars. In the valley in which we encamped was good grass, which increased in quantity and improved in quality as we ascended it. Day's travel, 30 miles; whole distance, 1,192 miles.

July 29. Resumed our journey before sunrise, and went up the creek seven miles. This gorge, for it is almost too narrow to be called a valley, affords a good pass through the range. It narrows from one hundred yards to thirty-five feet, with lofty and perpendicular rocks on each side, and the ascent is very gradual. The hills were clothed, from their summits to their base, with a thick growth of pine trees, cedars, and aspens, and the brook was swarming with trout. The *divide* is broad, level, and smooth, and the descent on the western side easy; the trail, as is generally the case with Indian paths, went over a steep hill, which shortened the distance; but this ascent could easily have been avoided by going a couple of miles round to the left. Since leaving Green River, the duties of guide had devolved on José Galliego, but we found him far from efficient, and greatly missed the accurate knowledge that Felipe had of the country before we reached that river.

Our noon halt was on the Rio Salado (Salt Creek), a name which it obtains from flowing past some mines of rock-salt, for its waters are pure and sweet. We were now in the Great Salt Lake Basin, Salt Creek flowing to the northward and discharging into Sevier (Nicollet) River, which empties into a lake of the same name in the Basin.

We here found an abundance of good grass, which was not unwelcome to the mules, the rapid rate at which we travelled requiring that they should feed well to retain their strength. Thus far, none of our animals had shown signs of failing, and most of them were in excellent travelling condition. Since leaving the Savoya, we had met but little game; an antelope, shot by the Delaware on the banks of the Avonkarea, and four to which he had given chase near Green River, being all that we had seen.

On the summit of the divide, and before descending into the valley of the Rio Salado, I took a careful survey of the surrounding country, which offered many new and interesting features.

The Wahsatch Mountains are composed of several parallel ranges running from the north to the south, with fine well-watered valleys between them. They are short, and between the valleys are numerous passes. We here discovered our guide's error in leaving an excellent pass through the range, on the summit of which we were standing, to follow a mountain trail, which soon gave out, and left us to struggle through the brush, greatly fatiguing our pack animals.

We encamped for the night, on the Salado, in a broad and level valley. Throughout the mountains the pasturage reminded us of that in the Sahwatch range, although in the valley it was less luxuriant.

Soon after guard was set for the night, an attempt was made by Indians to *stampede* our animals. The watchfulness of the man on guard, however, defeated their purpose; he fired, but missed them. One of the mules was slightly wounded by an arrow. Day's travel, 30 miles; whole distance 1,222 miles.

July 30. Directing our course west, we entered a chasm or cañon in the hills six miles in length, and quite level and smooth. This brought us again to the Salado, at the point where it flows past the mines of rock-salt, from which it derives its name. The course of the creek is here southwest, and it joins Sevier or Nicollet River about three miles below the mines. At the mines, we found a wagon-trail leading to Mormon settlements, which our guide informed us were about a day's journey distant to the northward. We followed this trail to Sevier River, where it turned to the northward; and crossing the Salado near its mouth, travelled south up the left bank of the Sevier, on which we encamped at noon.

The course of the river in this valley is from south to north; it is about twelve yards in breadth and from three to four feet in depth. Sevier valley is perfectly level, and three miles in breadth; for many miles above and below the junction of the Salado it is arid and destitute of timber; there was good grass, however, in the river bottom. The mountains which inclose the valley east and west are apparently sterile, but their recesses are well timbered; for during the morning's march we crossed two small streams flowing from the westward, near which were vast quantities of drift-wood.

The weather was exceedingly hot, without a breath of air; and the dust raised by the animals, in travelling over the loose and dry soil, hung over us in clouds.

In the afternoon, continued up the valley; four miles brought us to beautiful meadows, which extend for several miles along Sevier River, and are caused by the overflow of several small streams from the westward. The grass was of the most luxuriant description, and reached above our saddle-girths. Ascended the river twelve miles farther, and encamped after dark on its banks. Day's travel, 37 miles; whole distance, 1,259 miles.

July 31. We saddled up before sunrise, and travelling north, reached at eight o'clock the head of the valley where Sevier River from the southwest, and Beaver Creek from the west, both issuing from deep cañons, join their waters. We here came to a stand, it being evident that farther progress in the direction we were travelling was impossible. The guide insisted that our road was through one of the cañons, but before proceeding it was deemed advisable to make a reconnoissance, when both were found equally impracticable, even for men on foot. After losing two hours in an ineffectual search, we turned our mules' heads to the northward, and, travelling three miles down the left bank of Sevier River, we crossed it, passed over a steep hill, and descended into another valley, watered by the same stream; when, too late for the discovery to be useful to us, we perceived a level wagon road, made by the Mormons, leading into it. Sevier is the corruption of Severo, and is called on Colonel Frémont's map Nicollet.

This valley lies north and south, and surpassed in beauty and fertility anything we had yet seen. It is about thirty miles in length by four in breadth, surrounded by mountains, down whose sides trickled numberless cool and limpid brooks, fringed with willows and cottonwoods. Sevier River flows through its centre, and it abounds in its entire breadth in rich pasturage. The mountains which inclose it were clothed, from summit to base, with oaks and pines.

After a short rest we proceeded south up this valley, and at dark stopped on a brook running from the westward into Sevier River. In riding through the grass we heard numerous rattlesnakes, and killed several; they sprang at some of the men and animals, but none were bitten. Day's march, 18 miles; whole distance, 1,277 miles.

August 1. We travelled until noon up the left bank of Sevier

River, and halted near its junction with the San Pasqual (its main fork), where the latter issues from a cañon at the head of the valley. The San Pasqual, above the cañon, flows through a valley of great beauty.

At our noon halt, we struck a trail which we supposed to be the old trail from Abiquiú to California; but it has been so long disused that it is now almost obliterated.

In the afternoon, we travelled about four miles up a ravine bearing a little to the west of south, and which took us to the summit of a steep mountain. We had left the wagon trail which we had found in the valley, as it took a long circuit to avoid this ascent. The summit of the mountain was broad and flat, and clothed with grass. Day's march, 36 miles; whole distance, 1,313 miles.

August 2. We were now approaching another stage in our journey which we were impatient to reach. The Mormon settlements near Las Vegas de Santa Clara were at a short distance, and we made an early start in the hope of reaching them before dark. We descended the mountains in a westerly direction through abundantly-watered valleys, everywhere covered with grass. I found wild rye growing in great abundance, the seed quite large and full.

At dusk, on the previous day, we had discovered a party of mounted Indians examining us from a neighboring ridge, and were on the lookout for them all the morning. Soon after sunrise a few Pah-Utahs, the first of that tribe which we had seen, came running down a hill-side to meet us, and, accosting us in a friendly manner, asked whether we were Mormons or *Swaps* (Americans). They informed us that a Mormon village was not far off, and Mr. Beale and I, riding in advance of our party, in a few hours, arrived at the town of Paragoona, in Little Salt Lake Valley, near Las Vegas de Santa Clara.

Paragoona is situated in the valley of the Little Salt Lake, and lies near the foot of the mountains which form its eastern boundary, at four miles from the lake. It contains about thirty houses, which, although built of adobes, present a neat and comfortable appearance. The adobes are small and well pressed, and are made of a pink-colored clay. The houses are built to form a quadrangle, the spaces between them being protected by a strong stockade of pine pickets. Outside of the village is an area of fifty acres inclosed within a single fence, and cultivated in common by the inhabitants. It is called The Field, and a stream from the Wahsatch Mountains irrigates it, after supplying the town with water.

The Mormons have found iron ore in the mountains, where they have established several smelting furnaces; they stated that it was of an excellent quality, and that the mines were inexhaustible.

Shortly before our arrival in the Territory, hostilities had broken out between Walkah, a Utah chief, and the Mormons, and we found them in a state of great alarm and excitement, in consequence of some of his recent acts.

We did not remain long at Paragoona; for soon after our arrival, the inhabitants, in obedience to a mandate from Governor Brigham Young, commenced removing to the town of Parawan, four miles to the southward, as he considered it unsafe, with the smallness of their number, for them to remain at Paragoona. It was to us a strange sight to witness the alacrity with which these people obeyed an order which compelled them to destroy in an instant, the fruits of two years' labor; and no time was lost in commencing the work of destruction. Their houses were demolished, the doors, windows, and all portable wood-work being reserved for future dwellings; and wagons were soon on the road to Parawan, loaded with their furniture and other property.

We left Paragoona in the afternoon, and rode to Parawan over an excellent wagon-road, made and kept in repair, and bridged in many places, by the Mormons. We passed, at a mile on our left, a large grist and saw mill worked by water power.

This ride to Parawan formed a strange contrast to our late journeying through the wilderness. At all the cross-roads were finger-posts, and mile-stones measured the distance.

Parawan is situated at the base of the mountains, and contains about one hundred houses, built in a square, and facing inwards. In their rear, and outside of the town, are vegetable gardens, each dwelling having a lot running back about one hundred yards. By an excellent system of irrigation, water is brought to the front and rear of each house, and through the centre and outside boundary of each garden lot. The houses are ornamented in front with small flower-gardens, which are fenced off from the square, and shaded with trees. The Field covers about four hundred acres, and was in a high state of cultivation, the wheat and corn being as fine as any that we had seen in the States; the people took a laudable pride in showing us what they had accomplished in so short a time, and against so many obstacles. Day's travel, 32 miles; whole distance, 1,345 miles.

August 3. Most of the day was spent in having the animals shod, and in getting extra shoes made to replace those which might be lost in crossing the desert region between the Vegas de Santa Clara, and Mohaveh River. An American blacksmith, assisted by a couple of Pah-Utah youths, did this work, and we were surprised to see what skilful workmen these Indians made. Most of the Mormon families have one or more Pah-Utah children, whom they had bought from their parents; they were treated with kindness, and even tenderness; were taught to call their protectors "father" and "mother," and instructed in the rudiments of education. The Mormon rulers encourage a system which ameliorates the condition of these children by removing them from the influence of their savage parents, but their laws forbid their being taken out of the Territory. The children are not interdicted from intercourse with their people, who are allowed freely to enter the town; but the latter evince very little interest in their offspring, for, having sold them to the whites, they no longer consider them their kith or kin.

The water of Little Salt Lake is as briny, we were told, as that of Great Salt Lake, and we noticed that its shores were covered with saline incrustations for a mile or more from the water's edge; but the Mormons stated that the salt was of little value, being impregnated with saleratus and other alkaline matter, which rendered it unfit for use. They obtain their supplies of this article from mines of rock-salt in the mountains.

The excitement occasioned by the threats of Walkah, the Utah chief, continued to increase during the day we spent at Parawan. Families flocked in from Paragoona, and other small settlements and farms, bringing with them their movables, and their flocks and herds. Parties of mounted men, well armed, patrolled the country; expresses came in from different quarters, bringing accounts of attacks by the Indians, on small parties and unprotected farms and houses. During our stay, Walkah sent in a polite message to Colonel G. A. Smith, who had military command of the district, and governed it by martial law, telling him that "the Mormons were d——d fools for abandoning their houses and towns, for he did not intend to molest them there, as it was his intention to confine his depredations to their cattle, and that he advised them to return and mind their crops, for, if they neglected them, they would starve, and be obliged to leave the country, which was not what he desired, for then there would be no cattle for him to take." He ended by declaring war for *four* years. This message did not tend to allay the fears of the Mormons, who, in this district, were mostly foreigners, and stood in great awe of Indians.

The Utah chieftain who occasioned all this panic and excitement, is a man of great subtlety, and indomitable energy. He is not a Utah by birth, but has acquired such an extraordinary ascendency over that tribe by his daring exploits, that all the restless spirits and ambitious young warriors in it have joined his standard. Having an unlimited supply of fine horses, and being inured to every fatigue and privation, he keeps the territories of New Mexico and Utah, the provinces of Chihuahua and Sonora, and the southern portion of California, in constant alarm. His movements are so rapid, and his plans so skilfully and so secretly laid, that he has never once failed in any enterprise, and has scarcely disappeared from one district before he is heard of in another. He frequently divides his men into two or more bands, which, making their appearance at different points at the same time, each headed, it is given out, by the dreaded Walkah in person, has given him with the ignorant Mexicans, the attribute of ubiquity. The principal object of his forays is to drive off horses and cattle, but more particularly the first; and among the Utahs we noticed horses with brands familiar to us in New Mexico and California.

He has adopted the name of Walker (corrupted to Walkah), on account of the close intimacy and friendship which in former days united him to Joe Walker, an old mountaineer, and the same who discovered Walker's Pass in the Sierra Nevada.

This chief had a brother as valiant and crafty as himself, to whom he was greatly attached. Both speaking Spanish and broken English, they were enabled to maintain intercourse with the whites without the aid of an interpreter. This brother the Mormons thought they had killed, for, having repelled a night attack on a mill, which was led by him, on the next morning they found a rifle and a hatchet which they recognized as his, and also traces of blood and tracks of men apparently carrying a heavy body. Although rejoicing at the death of one of their most implacable enemies, the Mormons dreaded the wrath of the great chieftain, which they felt would not be appeased until he had avenged his brother's blood in their own. The Mormons were surprised at our having passed in safety through Walkah's territory, and they did not know to what they were to attribute our escape from destruction. They told us that the cattle tracks which we had seen a few days previous were those of a portion of a large drove *lifted* by Walkah, and that the mounted men we had noticed in the mountains in the evening of August 1, were scouts sent out by him to watch our movements. They endeavored to dissuade us from prosecuting our journey, for they stated that it was unsafe to travel even between their towns without an escort of from twenty-five to thirty men.

The Mormons had published a reward of fifteen thousand dollars for Walkah's head, but it was a serious question among them who should "bell the cat."

We procured at Parawan a small supply of flour and some beef, which we *buccanée'd.*

The kind reception that we received from the inhabitants of these settlements, during our short sojourn among them, strongly contrasted with what we had been led to anticipate from the reports of the Mexicans and Indians whom we had met on the road. On our arrival, Colonel G. A. Smith sent an officer to inquire who we were, our business, destination, &c., at the same time apologizing for the inquiries, by stating that the disturbed condition of the country rendered it necessary to exercise a strict vigilance over all strangers, particularly over those who came from the direction of their enemy's territory. Mr. Beale's replies being, of course, satisfactory, we were treated as friends, and received every mark of cordiality. We spent the evening of our arrival in Parawan at the house of Col. Smith, who was in command of this portion of the territory, and was organizing a military force for its protection. He related to us the origin of these southern settlements, the many difficulties and hardships that they had to contend with, and gave us much interesting information of the geography of the surrounding country. He also stated that furnaces for smelting iron ore were already in operation in the vicinity of Paragoona and Parawan, and that the metal, which was obtained in sufficient quantity to supply any demand, was also of an excellent quality; and that veins of coal had been found near Cedar City, on Coal Creek, eighteen miles south of Parawan, one of which was fifteen feet in thickness, and apparently inexhaustible. A large force of English miners was employed in working these mines, and pronounced the coal to be equal to the best English coal. I saw it used in the forges; it is bituminous, and burns with a bright flame.

As regards the odious practice of polygamy which these people have engrafted on their religion, it is not to be supposed that we could learn much about it during our short stay, and its existence would even have been unobserved by us, had not a "Saint" voluntarily informed us that he was "one of those Mormons who believed in a plurality of wives," and added, "for my part I have six, and this is one of them," pointing to a female who was present. Taking this subject for his text, he delivered a discourse highly eulogistic of the institution of marriage, as seen in a Mormon point of view; of the antiquity of polygamy, its advantages, the evils it prevents, quoting the example of the patriarchs, and of eastern nations, and backing his argument with statistics of the relative number of males and females born, obtained no doubt from the same source as the Book of Mormon. This discourse did not increase our respect for the tenets he advocated, but we deemed it useless to engage in a controversy with one who made use of such sophistry. From what he said, I inferred that a large number of Mormons do not entirely approve of the "spiritual wife" system, and, judging from some of the households, it was evident that the weaker vessel has in many instances here, as elsewhere, the control of the *ménage*.

We left Parawan at dusk, having sent most of the party in advance, with directions to await our arrival at the nearest of those rich meadows known as Las Vegas de Santa Clara, about eighteen miles distant.

On entering the valley of the Little Salt Lake, we came upon the line surveyed by Col. Frémont, and described in his report published in 1846. It was our intention to follow this line until we reached Mohaveh River, where we intended to take two or three men and enter Tulare Valley through Walker's Pass in the Sierra Nevada, allowing the remainder to pursue their journey up the Mohaveh, through the Cajon Pass, to Los Angeles. As the Mormons had opened a wagon-road all the way, we anticipated no difficulty in getting to our journey's end in good time.

The party arrived at Cedar City about midnight, but indisposition prevented me from keeping up with them, and I was finally compelled to spread my blanket near the roadside and rest until morning. Day's travel, 18 miles; whole distance, 1,363 miles.

Aug. 4. I saddled my mule at daylight, and in a few hours reached Cedar City. I was informed here that the party had already left, but that I could overtake the camp a few miles from the town.

Cedar City is a place of more importance than either Parawan or Paragoona, but is built on a similar plan. Around it are extensive fields, abundantly irrigated, giving promise of a rich harvest; the hills in the rear of the town are well timbered, and it is in this vicinity that the Mormons have discovered the coal veins destined to form the wealth of the region. The inhabitants are principally foreigners, and mostly Englishmen from the coal districts of Great Britain. At the time of our visit, the place was crowded with the people of the surrounding country seeking refuge from the Indians, and its square was blocked up with wagons, furniture, tents, farming implements, &c., in the midst of which were men, women, and children, together with every description of cattle, creating a scene of confusion difficult to describe.

I overtook the camp in a large grove of cottonwoods, and we immediately resumed our journey.

It is here that we saw the first of the meadows of Santa Clara, which give some celebrity to this region. They are embraced between 37° and 38° north latitude. This vega was covered with tender grass and watered by numerous streams, which preserve its freshness even during the most sultry seasons. To travellers from the south, coming off the desert lying between the Mohaveh and these vegas, they certainly offer a delightful relief; and, although our animals had only recently been luxuriating in the rich mountain pastures of the Wahsatch, their uniform verdure and level surface, shaded in many places by extensive glades of cottonwoods, offered a delightful feeling of security, as though we were once more within the confines of civilization.

We now travelled on the Mormon wagon-trail leading to San Bernardino, in the south of California. We had heard of another route leading west to Owen's River, thence through a pass in the Sierra Nevada, which leads into the Tulare Valley near the head of the Four Creeks; but unfortunately we were unable to take this route, for we could neither obtain a guide nor even information on the subject; and, moreover, it would have been departing from his views of examining the country on the Mohaveh, for the purpose of locating Indians there, for Mr. Beale to have altered his course. The route by Owen's River shortens the distance nearly two hundred miles, cutting off the large elbow to the southwest, and, according to the accounts we had received, it conducts over a tolerably level, well watered, and grassy country.

We rested for a short time at noon, and then travelled until 10 P.M. over a level plain and good wagon-road, on each side of which was much dry grass; but we saw no water until encamping on a *vega* (meadow) which we reached through a gap in the mountains on our left. This meadow was about seven miles in length, penetrating deep into the mountains, and, although there was little running water, yet the grass was everywhere green and tender. Day's travel, 38 miles; whole distance, 1,401 miles.

Aug. 5. We returned to the plain, and continued to travel south by west until noon, when we encamped in the most southern of the vegas, which was more beautiful than any we had yet seen—rich in waving grass, and watered by numerous rills. It is inclosed by a low ridge of hills; its declivity is mostly to the northward; being on the rim of the Great Salt Lake Basin, in fact, on the divide, a portion of its waters run into the Basin, whilst the Rio de Santa Clara, which runs into the Rio de la Virgen, a tributary of the Great Colorado, takes its rise here.

These vegas are called by the Mormons Mountain Meadows.

In the afternoon, travelling south, we descended a slope, which brought us after dark to Santa Clara Creek, near which we encamped. Day's travel, 28 miles; whole distance, 1,429 miles.

CHAPTER VI.

DEPARTURE FROM LAS VEGAS DE SANTA CLARA. PASSAGE OF THE DESERT. ARRIVAL AT LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

August 6. The Santa Clara at our encampment was a slender rill; but a few miles lower down, its volume was considerably increased by the accession of several streams.

We were now approaching the desert, and we this day travelled only ten miles, to allow our animals to recruit by rest and food. The road followed down the stream, and although level, was much overgrown with bushes.

After travelling a few miles, we met a small party of Pah-Utah Indians, who evinced great joy at seeing us, accosting us without fear. On approaching their village, a collection of miserable bush huts, we were met by an aged Indian, apparently their chief, holding in his hand a pipe, the stem of which was a reed and the bowl a piece of tin. With much gravity, he bade us welcome to his village, and after blowing three wreaths of smoke towards the sun, he offered us their symbol of friendship, with which we imitated his example. As soon as we had dismounted, a venerable squaw, laboring under great excitement, rushed towards Mr. Beale, and seizing his hands, forced into them a couple of green *tunias* (prickly pears), which she invited him to eat, a ceremony, I have no doubt, having a meaning as mystical as the first. And having thus entered into bonds to keep the peace and complied with all the exigencies of etiquette, we were considered the guests of the nation.

Among these Indians we witnessed one of the benefits which they have derived from their intercourse with the Mormons, who take every opportunity to ameliorate the condition of this wretched tribe. Near their village was a large and well-irrigated field, cultivated with care, and planted with corn, pumpkins, squashes, and melons.

The Pah-Utah Indians are the greatest horse thieves on the continent. Rarely attempting the bold *coups-de-main* of the Utahs, they dog travellers during their march and follow on their trail like jackals, cutting off any stragglers whom they can surprise and overpower, and pick up such animals as stray from the band or lag behind from fatigue. At night, lurking around the camp, and concealing themselves behind rocks and bushes, they communicate with each other by imitating the sounds of birds and animals. They never ride, but use as food the horses and mules that they steal, and, if within arrow-shot of one of these animals, a poisoned shaft secures him as their prize. Their arms are bows and arrows tipped with obsidian, and lances sometimes pointed with iron, which they obtain from the wrecks of wagons found along the road; they also use a pronged stick to drag lizards from their holes.

The Indians being apprehensive that our animals might trespass on their field, which was without inclosure, we permitted them to drive the band several miles up the stream, where we had noticed an abundance of white clover; and, whilst thus confiding in them, we had security for their honesty by several Indians passing the night in our camp, where they laid near the fire, coiled up like dogs; besides which, their women and children, and entire crops, on which they depended for their subsistence during the approaching winter, were also in our power.

In the afternoon we visited their huts, which presented a squalid scene of dirt and wretchedness. When the women saw us approaching they concealed their children, fearing that we might wish to carry them off. Noticing that something moved under a large wicker basket, one of us examined its contents, which were found to be a little naked fellow, his teeth chattering with fear.

Yearly expeditions are fitted out in New Mexico to trade with the Pah-Utahs for their children, and recourse is often had to foul means to force their parents to part with them. So common is it to make a *raid* for this purpose, that it is considered as no more objectionable than to go on a buffalo or a mustang hunt. One of our men, José Galliego, who was an old hand at this species of man-hunting, related to us, with evident *gusto*, numerous anecdotes on this subject; and as we approached the village, he rode up to Mr. Beale, and eagerly proposed to him that we should "charge on it like h—l, kill the *mans*, and may-be catch some of the little boys and *gals*."

Camp was all day crowded with men and squaws; the former had reduced their costume to first principles, and even the latter were attired in a style of the most primitive simplicity. They spoke with great volubility and vehemence, using many gesticulations, regardless of the common usage of other Indians, of speaking but one at a time. It appeared as though they thought aloud, and were not addressing any one in particular. Our ragged and forlorn appearance, unshaven chins, and sun-scarred visages, excited great merriment, and they used no ceremony in pointing and laughing at us. Day's travel, 10 miles; whole distance, 1,439 miles.

August 7. The Indians drove our animals into camp before dawn, and we were on the road at sunrise, travelling down the Santa Clara. In ten miles the road diverged to the right from the creek, and for eight miles passed through a region of rugged and arid hills and cañons, when it issued upon an inclined plane leading to the Rio de la Virgen. Although generally level, it was a rough road for wagons, and with the exception of one good spring, four miles from the Santa Clara, we saw no water until we encamped on the Virgen. A scanty growth of cactus, agave americana, greasewood, and small cedars, was the only vegetation after leaving the creek. A Pah-Utah handed me some ears of wheat, the grains of which I preserved, and he stated that it grows spontaneously near the Santa Clara. It is from this stock that the New Mexicans have obtained the seed which they call Payute wheat, and the Mormons, Taos wheat. It has been much improved by cultivation, and is considered the best in New Mexico and Utah. A party of Indians accompanied us for twelve miles, begging for *tabac*, and we noticed several *smokes* during the day, and fires after dark, made by the natives on the Virgen, to warn the country of our approach. We set double guard at night, and the mules evinced by their restlessness and uneasiness the vicinity of Pah-Utahs. Day's travel, 35 miles; whole distance, 1,474 miles.

August 8. The Rio de la Virgen is a turbid and shallow stream, about twelve yards in breadth. It flows with a rapid current over a sandy bed, and as we descended it, the growth of cottonwood gave place to mesquit trees and willows. The mesquit tree bears in some localities an abundance of sweet pods, on which mules feed greedily, and they are a good substitute for corn, being almost as nutritious. We crossed scanty patches of wiry salt grass, which affords but little nourishment.

The river bottom was hemmed in by bluffs, beyond which, on the right, was an extensive plain much cut up by gullies, and on the left a range of dark mountains, which in many places came down to the river's edge. The road which followed down the bottom, was at times through deep sand, as was mostly the case since leaving the Vegas de Santa Clara. The scenery was gloomy and forbidding, and gave indication that we were approaching a wild and desolate region. We noticed during the day many fresh Indian tracks, and at times caught glimpses of dark forms gliding through the bushes on either side. Day's march, 29 miles; whole distance, 1,503 miles.

August 9. By keeping a watchful guard, our animals were saved from the Pah-Utahs, who hovered around us all night.

We rode down the Virgen ten miles farther, when we left it to cross the hot and sterile plain, eight miles broad, extending between the Virgen and the Rio Atascoso (Muddy Creek). It was thickly covered with sharp flints, and bore a scanty growth of stunted mesquit bushes, which on the dry plains bear few pods; for a couple of miles from each stream the country was much broken by ravines.

Rio Atascoso is a narrow stream, but in many places quite deep; its water is clear, and it derives its name from the slimy and miry nature of its banks and bed. Day's march, 18 miles; whole distance, 1,521 miles.

August 10. We again had Indians around us all night, making their usual signals, but by keeping a strict double guard they were prevented from stealing or wounding our animals. Soon after sunrise, a party of Pah-Utahs showed their heads from behind some rocks near camp, and shouted to us; finding that we did not attempt to molest them, they cautiously exposed more of their persons, and finally dropped among us by twos and threes, until they numbered fifteen. They professed entire innocence of being concerned in the proceedings of the previous night, laying them all to the charge of other Pah-Utahs, and expressed for us the warmest attachment. At this time a strange figure, entirely divested of clothing, suddenly made his appearance on the summit of a rock thirty yards from us; his face was covered with a thick coating of crimson paint, a slender bone, eight inches in length, was thrust through the septum of his nose, and in his left hand he carried a bow and a bunch of arrows. This worthy addressed us a long speech, introducing himself as *the* great chief of all the Pah-Utahs (which was false, as they recognize no chief), intimating that the monotonous existence which he had hitherto been leading had become irksome to him, that he wished to travel and see the white man's world, and that, if we consented to admit him into our company, he would endeavor to "make himself generally useful." He ended by offering to give himself away to any one who would accept of him. Although any accession to our number was not at all desirable, to have refused his request would have nipped in the bud the aspirations of this ambitious youth, Mr. Beale therefore allowed him to join our party, handing him a pair of old buckskin pants and a woollen shirt, which he at once donned, feeling very proud, but very uncomfortable.

The first *jornada* (long distance between waters) across the desert commences at the Muddy; and to avoid the heat which at this season is very oppressive during the day, we did not resume our journey until the afternoon. The road led us for six miles up a broad and sandy ravine, issuing from which we entered upon an extensive and undulating plain, whose sandy and stony soil produced no vegetation except artemisia. We travelled all night, during which a hot wind blew from the southward.

August 11. Dawn found us still on the jornada, between Muddy Creek and the Ojo del Gaetan (Spring of Gaetan) or Vega Quintana, as this meadow is sometimes called, which we reached at 8 A. M. without the loss of an animal. Thus far we had lost three mules; one was drowned in the Uncompagre, another was left on the Virgen, and the third at the Muddy. Both of the latter were animals that we had obtained on the journey, and, being unshod, became tender-footed and were unable to keep up with the train.

The Vega Quintana is a meadow of several thousand acres in extent, watered through its centre by two deep but narrow streams of clear and icy cold water.* It is shaded in many places with mesquit trees, willows, and vines covered with clusters of small but sweet grapes. Two Pah-Utahs, who were gathering mesquit beans, fled in alarm at our approach, and we saw numerous coveys of the California partridge. This oasis deserves the name of The Diamond of the Desert, so beautiful and bright does it appear in the centre of the dreary waste that surrounds it. Dusty and weary as we were, after our long and toilsome ride, a bath in the brook was a luxury in which we indulged more than once during the day that we spent here. Day's march, 45 miles; whole distance, 1,566 miles.

August 12. We reached the second vega, Quintana, at 11 A. M., after riding seventeen miles southwest by west; the road passed over a stony desert, which produced no other vegetation than stunted artemisia and an occasional cactus and mesquit bush. The rivulet which here fertilizes the ground and produces some verdure issues from the mountains through a bald and rugged gap.

This vega is a favorite camping place of the Mormons, and is covered with the wrecks of wagons and of stoves and other iron work.

All our provisions, except pinole, were now exhausted; and as this was our only dependence, we made a division of what remained between the ten persons who now (since the Pah-Utah had joined us) composed our party. We found that by using only six table-spoonfuls each per day, the pinole might be made to last until our arrival in the settlements of California. We had seen no game for many days, nor did we expect to meet any until we reached the Mohaveh. Day's march, 17 miles; whole distance, 1,583 miles.

August 13. Wearied with watching all night, we resumed our journey at dawn. Indians were around us as usual, and many signs of their vicinity, which would have escaped our notice, were pointed out to us by "Pite," as we had christened our new follower. We had scarcely started, before a torrent of yells and abuse was poured upon us from every side. No one could be perceived, but every rock and bush apparently concealed an Indian. Pite was not slow in replying to them, and for a moment they were silent with astonishment at receiving, in such pure vernacular, a reply to their insults. Soon, however, the war of words was renewed with fresh fury, and had we understood them, we should doubtless have enjoyed a very choice specimen of Pah-Utah billingsgate. Pite prudently kept close among us; brave as he was with his tongue, he entertained a wholesome fear of falling into the hands of his fellow-countrymen, for they would soon have brought his travels to a close.

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* In May, 1844, Colonel Frémont ascertained the temperature of these springs as being 71° and 73° respectively. We found them so cold that it required some resolution to bathe in them.

Our road led us through a cañon or chasm which we had entered the previous day; it followed the bed of the stream, and was much obstructed by heavy sand and scattered rocks. We passed two singular caves, one of which presented a close resemblance to the cyclopean order of architecture, with the principle of the arch and keystone admirably preserved. The other forcibly reminded us of the façade of an old Catholic church, such as is often seen in Italy.

After travelling ten miles through rocky ravines, with bald and furrowed mountains on either side, we ascended a ridge which brought in view an extensive and barren plain, bounded on all sides by lofty mountains. To the westward we perceived a range which extended from north to south, and which appeared to have frequent breaks in it.

In the afternoon, we arrived at the Aqua Escarbada, where we expected to have to dig for water; but the ground had been so deeply excavated, that a running spring had been reached.

Shortly before reaching this place, we found on the road-side the remains of an American, with the mark of a rifle-ball in his skull. From papers which were scattered around, we ascertained that he was a Mormon on an exploring expedition, and his buckskin garments not having been wet by rain, proved that he had been killed this season. Day's travel, 25 miles; total, 1,608 miles.

August 14. Twelve miles from the Escarbada, the road makes a sudden bend to the westward, and ascends a steep ridge, from the top of which a magnificent, but solemn and dreary view presented itself. Four ranges of mountains, overtopping each other, extended from north to south, and bounded the western horizon; to the eastward was spread a wide extent of country, which offered, in every direction, the same absence of timber, and of almost all vegetation. The solitude was unrelieved by the song of bird or the chirp of insect; the mournful murmur of the breeze, as it swept over the desert, was the only sound that broke the silence. In many places, a deceptive mirage spread fictitious lakes and spectral groves to our view, which a puff of wind, or a change in our position, suddenly dissolved.

A rapid descent down a sinuous ravine, from two to three miles in length, brought us to the sink in the plain, where is found the Ojo de Archilète (Archilete's Spring), at some distance from which are many small willows, but in its immediate vicinity there is a total absence of shade; the water is clear and cool, but slightly brackish. A cruel tragedy, heroically avenged by Kit Carson and Alexander Godey, and recorded by Frémont, occurred here in 1844, and has rendered this spot memorable; we found near the spring the skull of an Indian, killed perhaps in that affray. Day's travel, 22 miles; whole distance, 1,630 miles.

August 15. A ride of five miles brought us to the Amargosa (Bitter Creek), a ravine containing a scanty supply of warm, fetid, and nauseating water, in a succession of holes. We encamped at the foot of a rock on its eastern side, where a slender brackish spring barely supplied our wants. The valley, or broad ravine, through which the Amargosa, during the rainy season, is for a few miles a running stream, winds with a general course from southeast to northwest, and is hemmed in by steep black and rocky hills.

The second jornada across the desert commences at the Amargosa, and ends at the Agua del Tio Meso (the Spring of Uncle Meso). It is fifty miles in length, and we anticipated much toil and suffering in crossing it. We endeavored to guard against the loss of our mules from hunger, by laying in a small supply of green reeds and mesquit beans, the only forage, except salt grass, that could be obtained here; and, not expecting to find water the whole distance, all our canteens were filled.

We commenced this dreary journey at 2 P. M. The heat was intense, and, instead of diminishing as the sun descended, it became more oppressive. For twelve miles the road was over deep sand, into which the mules sank above their fetlocks.

In fifteen miles, we diverged to the left across a spur of rocky hills, the road leading through a ravine, where, much to our surprise, we discovered the remains of houses, *rastres* (Mexican quartz crushers), and all the appliances of gold mining. These we subsequently ascertained were the Salt Spring Gold Mines, where a fortune had been sunk by men who were sufficiently deluded or sanguine to abandon the rich mines of California, travel across one hundred and fifty miles of desert, and live upwards of twelve months in a spot so desolate and forlorn that there is actually not sufficient vegetation to keep a goat from starvation. We here found two springs, one sulphurous and nauseating, the other brackish. The canteens were replenished, but it was impossible to water the mules.

August 16. The heat increased as we advanced into the desert, and most of the party had divested themselves of the greater part of their clothing. The guns, which we carried across the pummels of our saddles, were hot to the touch; and, to add to our annoyance and suffering, the wind, ladened with an impalpable sand, blew fiercely from the southward, feeling as if issuing from the mouth of a furnace, and obliterating in many places all traces of the road. The mules, already jaded by travelling across the sandy plain, went slowly along, their heads drooping to the ground. The pale moon, occasionally overshadowed by clouds, threw a ghastly light over the desert, and skeletons of animals glistening in her beams, strewed the way, adding horror to the scene.

Shortly before dawn we entered some hills to the westward, where the heat was less intense. Three of the mules were unable to go farther, and their saddles and packs were placed on other animals, and men left with them, together with some reeds and beans and a small supply of water. We were now all on foot, our animals having barely sufficient strength to carry their saddles. At daylight we began to scatter, and those who could go in advance did so, for our thirst was beginning to be intolerable. It was not until 10 A. M., after twenty hours of continuous march, completely prostrated with heat, toil, hunger, and thirst, that we reached the Agua del Tio Meso.

This camping ground (which is called on the maps Agua del Tomaso) has two small pools fed by tiny springs. The water in the pools is only fit for animals, and that in the springs we found barely drinkable; the grass was scanty and salt; but when mules are starving, they are not particular in their choice of food.

The men who had been left with the mules joined us late in the afternoon; they had suffered much, but brought in all the animals. Poor Pite was not the last one in; his thirst was dreadful, and when he reached the spring he threw himself on the ground and drank to repletion.

This spring is named after an old Mexican called Meso, who was styled *Tio*, or uncle, on account of his age. He discovered it when he and his party were nearly perishing with thirst. Their happy deliverance was celebrated by a great feast; he washed and dressed himself, and rambled about the place singing until he fell dead, killed by a stroke of apoplexy. Two peons, abandoned on the desert by their master, reached this spring after their party had left for the Mohaveh. Unable to proceed farther, they both died of starvation, and the next travellers who encamped here, found their skeletons locked in each other's embrace, as if they had expired in the act of devouring one another.

These painful associations, together with the utterly desolate appearance of all around, cast a gloom over our spirits; and we could not raise them, as old Tio Meso did, by a feast; for all we had that day was a couple of spoonsful of boiled pinole. The road across the jornada is good, with the exception of the first twelve miles, where it is sandy. The only vegetation that I noticed was artemisia, on the plains, and mesquit and dry greasewood among the hills. Day's march, 55 miles; whole distance, 1,685 miles.

August 17. During the night we had a heavy storm; the howling wind, blowing from the desert, was hot and filled with sand, and the rain fell in large drops, without refreshing the air.

The Agua del Tio Meso is an oasis; for, although a wretched spot, it is the only resting-place in the desert between the Amargosa and the River Mohaveh. We were glad to leave it, at 4 A.M. Two of the mules soon showed signs of failing, and remained on the road in charge of one of the Mexicans. We rested for a few minutes at 10 A.M. to breakfast, having filled our canteens at Tio Meso's spring. The Delaware had killed a rabbit, the first of any game that we had seen for a long time; but we left it on the road, with some water, for the Mexican, as we feared that he might be delayed until late.

The desert retained its level and monotonous character until we reached Mohaveh River, at 7 P.M., our animals almost perishing from hunger and thirst.

The sandy soil through which the Mohaveh flows absorbs nearly all its water, and where we struck it it was no longer a running stream. Grass, however, was everywhere abundant, together with a thick growth of willows, reeds, and mesquit bushes, interlaced with grape-vines; and in some places there were beautiful groves of cottonwoods.

All our troubles as regarded a scarcity of water and grass were now at an end, and from this point our journey was over a level country, offering no impediment whatever to a good road as far as the settlements in California. Except on the edge of the river, however, the land was barren and unproductive, offering no point fit for settlement.

Mr. Beale and myself had intended on reaching the Mohaveh to have gone in advance of our people; but we could not leave them in their starving condition. It was also our intention to have selected two or three of the men to accompany us across the desert between the Mohaveh and Walker's Pass, in the Sierra Nevada; but we found that of all our animals there were not five that could travel over twenty miles a day; and, as the intervening country was entirely destitute of water and grass, we were compelled reluctantly to relinquish this object.

The Mexican left with the mules arrived at 11 P. M., having remained faithfully by them until he brought them in. We thus crossed this desert without abandoning a single animal, which is, I believe, almost unprecedented. Day's travel, 30 miles; whole distance, 1,715 miles.

August 18. We allowed our mules to rest until the afternoon before we proceeded up the Mohaveh. Its course is from the west through a broad level plain, bounded on either side by lofty mountains. Its water increased as we ascended it, and we found several large ponds well stocked with fish. Day's travel, 8 miles; total, 1,723 miles.

August 19. The road was through heavy sand, and often left the river at a distance of two miles. We encamped at noon near a large and deep pond of very cool and clear water, alive with fish, principally mullets, some of which were large. We had just finished our allowance of pinole, when the Delaware rode into camp with a splendid antelope lashed behind his saddle, and reported that he had shot another, which was immediately sent for. As the question of starvation was now set at rest, it was determined that Mr. Beale and myself and two of the men should proceed as rapidly as our mules could travel, whilst the remainder of the party were to follow us by easy stages to the settlements. Day's travel, 19 miles; whole distance, 1,742 miles.

August 20. Accompanied by the Delaware and Harry Young, we started in advance of the party, and before noon had ridden twenty miles up the right bank of the Mohaveh. Its bottom was covered in many places with a thick undergrowth, and occasionally by large groves of cottonwood, and bounded on the south by high and rugged hills. The weather was pleasant, with a breeze from the westward.

Where we crossed the Mohaveh it was a rapid stream, twenty-five yards in breadth and one foot in depth, but its water was too warm to be drinkable. Passed several fine meadows near the river, and saw bands of antelopes, also hares and partridges. After a rest of seven hours we resumed our journey, the road leading up to an extensive plain, thickly covered with cedars and pines, intermingled with palmyra cactus and aloes. It forks about ten miles from the river. The lefthand fork, which we took, follows the old Spanish trail, whilst the other, which had been recently opened by the Mormons, makes a bend to avoid a rough portion of country. They both join again in the Cajon Pass. We travelled until 11 P.M., when we rested under the cedars on the plain, where we found dry bunch grass, but no water. Day's travel, 40 miles; whole distance, 1,782 miles.

August 21. For the last time the cry of "catch up" was heard, and we saddled our mules before dawn, impatient to reach our journey's end. On approaching the mountains, which extended between us and the valley of Los Angeles, the country presented a more broken appearance. After travelling six miles, we commenced descending the Pacific slope, and soon after reached the head waters of the Santa Anna, a creek rising to the eastward of the mountains, and which finds its way through the Cajon Pass to the Pacific Ocean, south of San Pedro.

We entered this pass, and the most magnificent scenery presented itself to our eyes. Around us were lofty mountains, their summits clothed with pines and their base with chimsal, mansanita, dwarf oaks, and aloes. In the valley were numerous clusters of sycamore, which attains here a large size, and is one of the most beautiful trees in the country. The ground was covered with innumerable tracks of grizzly bears, and the Delaware kept a keen lookout for the rough-coated gentry. During our journey, he had killed at least one specimen of each species of game to be found in the region which we had traversed, and he was anxious to have an encounter with the largest and fiercest of them all, the mighty grizzly of California; but he was disappointed; although our men, in coming through this pass a few days later, had a desperate fight with a bear, which they finally overcame.

We issued from the mountains at noon, when the beautiful valley of San Bernardino, with its stupendous mountain, broke upon our view. Never did so beautiful a sight gladden the eyes of weary travellers; and, having been in the saddle since dawn, we turned our jaded mules into a rich meadow, where the grass reached to their knees, and we rested under the shade of a grove of sycamores.

Leaving the valley of San Bernardino behind us, we directed our course northwest in the direction of Los Angeles. We travelled steadily until nightfall without perceiving any signs of habitations, though our hopes were constantly kept alive by fresh tracks of men and cattle; finally, at nine o'clock, when we were on the point of dismounting, our weary beasts being scarcely able to lift their feet, we were saluted by the cheering bark of a dog, and in a few minutes found ourselves in the centre of a large cluster of buildings, and welcomed in the most friendly manner to Cocomongo Ranchio, by the Mexican proprietor. Day's travel, 35 miles; whole distance, 1,817 miles.

August 22. Our arrival at the Ranchio de Cocomongo will long be a green spot in our memories; and it was a pleasant sight to us to witness the satisfaction of our travel-worn mules, in passing from unremitting toil and scanty food to complete rest and abundant nourishment.

We obtained fresh horses, and a gallop of thirty-five miles through a rich and settled country brought us to the city of Los Angeles, where every kindness and attention was shown to us by Mr. Wilson, Indian Agent, and his accomplished lady.

We had been given up for lost, and several parties had gone in search of us. Some of our friends had spent six weeks in Walker's Pass, where they expected us to arrive, and had kept up fires by night and smokes by day on a point visible at a long distance in the desert, to guide us in case we should have lost our way. Day's march, 35 miles; total distance from Westport, Missouri, to Los Angeles, California, 1,852 miles.

The remainder of our party arrived two days later, and thus, without serious accident to any of the men, and with the loss of only three of the mules, we accomplished the distance from Westport to Los Angeles in exactly one hundred days. Some of the party, however, had travelled seven hundred and fifteen miles more, in going to Taos from Grand River and in returning.

RÉSUMÉ.

CENTRAL ROUTE FROM WESTPORT, MISSOURI, TO LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

SECTION I.

From Westport, Missouri, to Council Grove, 122 *miles.*

THIS portion of the route is over a broad wagon-road, excellent in summer, but heavy rains render it impassable at certain points, where slight bridges would obviate all difficulties.

Bridges are required at Bull Creek, One Hundred and Ten, Dragoon Creek, Council Grove, and two other points. Trains are sometimes detained at these runs for weeks by heavy rains. A few thousand dollars ($3,000) would be sufficient to render this road as good as any in the States, at all seasons.

Grass along this section is abundant, and camping places frequent.

At Council Grove, there is a large, well-furnished store, where a constant supply of everything required for the road is kept. Also, a good farrier and blacksmith. Parties from New Mexico can here obtain a refit at prices much under those they have to pay in New Mexico.

The country around Council Grove is rich in pasturage, and well timbered. When the Indian titles are extinguished, and a territorial government established, this country will be immediately and thickly settled.

SECTION II.

From Council Grove to Fort Atkinson, Arkansas River, 239 *miles.*

The face of the country is level. It is all prairie, gently undulating. Cottonwood Creek, Little Arkansas, and Pawnee Fork, require bridging; with these exceptions, the road is firm and good.

Except at three or four points, the country is destitute of timber. Pasturage good.

SECTION III.

From Fort Atkinson (Arkansas River) to mouth of Huerfano River, 247 *miles.*

The country is a rolling prairie, and its surface more uneven, with a gradual ascent to the westward of about seven feet to the mile.

No timber on the left bank of the Arkansas (it having all been destroyed) until we reach the Big Timbers, where there is an extensive grove of cottonwoods. From thence to the Huerfano there is an abundance of timber.

The soil is dry and hard, and the road excellent. The grass is more rank in the river bottom, and scantier on the plains. Good camping grounds are to be found every few miles.

SECTION IV.

From the mouth of the Huerfano to Fort Massachusetts, 85 *miles.*

A gently undulating plain leads from the Arkansas to the foot of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains and the Sierra Mojada, from which the Huerfano issues. It is covered with good bunch grass, and the river bottom is well timbered, and affords excellent pasturage.

The Huerfano, at the season that we crossed it (early in June), was swollen by melting snows, but we had no difficulty in finding a good ford.

These plains abound with game—deer, antelopes, and hares; and, near the river, wild turkeys.

The Huerfano enters a cañon about thirty-four miles from its mouth, through which it runs for about ten miles; and both sides of the river are here much broken by gullies. These may be avoided by keeping at a distance of from two to three miles from it. After passing the cañon, the best road is near the stream.

Following the river, the road enters the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, about forty-three miles above its mouth.

The best pass through these mountains is Roubideau's. Its elevation is so moderate, that some sandhills in San Luis Valley, of moderate elevation, can be perceived some time before reaching the pass. It is obstructed with dead timber, which is the principal difficulty to overcome. Another pass, traversed by travellers on horseback, crosses an elevated ridge near the head waters of Sangre de Cristo, which flows west into San Luis Valley, and down this to Utah Creek.

Rich pasturage, timber, and water abound all through these mountains, and they teem with game.

SECTION V.

From Fort Massachusetts to Coochatope Pass, 124 *miles.*

Eighty-one miles of this distance is over a perfectly level country. The road leaves Utah Creek, and in twenty-five miles, course N. W., descends into the bottom lands of the Del Norte. It then crosses numerous sloughs, until it reaches a point 30 miles beyond, where it leaves the river, and goes in a N. by W. course for the entrance of Sahwatch Valley, and up that to the entrance of Coochatope Pass. After entering this pass, for seven miles the ascent is very gradual; it then becomes more rapid until the dividing ridge is crossed. The sloughs of the Del Norte can be avoided by a detour to the right.

San Luis Valley is quite level, and from twenty to twenty-five miles in breadth. Sahwatch Valley is five miles broad at its entrance, and gradually narrows to one mile, and is also perfectly level. The valley of the Coochumpah, in which is the Puerto de los Cibolas (Coochatope), is closely hemmed in by hills, and its ascent is scarcely perceptible until we reach within a couple of miles of the divide.

Good pasturage is found on numerous points on the Del

Norte; scanty grass in San Luis Valley, except at the crossing of Garita Creek, fourteen miles from the Del Norte, and at a spring, about ten miles north of the Garita, at both of which good pasturage is abundant. Throughout Sawatch and Coochumpah valleys, abundant grass, timber, and water are found.

Coochatope Pass is much obstructed by trees and underwood, and it had only been travelled by Indians and Indian traders with pack mules, at the time of our passing through; since then two wagon trains have gone through.

The Carnero Pass leads from San Luis Valley to Grand River. Its principal obstruction is a quantity of dead timber in one of the valleys, which might soon be removed by burning. Grass, wood, and water as abundant as in the Coochatope Pass. The trail to the Carnero leaves the Del Norte about eighteen miles above where that to the Coochatope leaves it, and joins the trail through the latter, near the Rio Jaroso (Willow Creek).

SECTION VI.

From Coochatope Pass to Grand River, 134 *miles.*

This section passes over the mountainous country comprised within the Sahwatch range. The road is entirely practicable for wagons. A more level road makes a detour of eighty miles.

Early in summer, the Coochatope, Estrendoso, Jaroso, Rio de la Laguna, and the Nawaquasitch, all except the first, rising in the Sierra de la Plata, and crossing the road at right angles, are so swollen, as to be impassable for wagons without much trouble; bridges, for which abundant timber grows on their banks, are required over them.

Timber, grass, and water are abundant all through this range; about twenty miles from Grand River, the country becomes level, and is destitute of pasturage, except near the River Uncompagre, down which the road goes until reaching Grand River.

SECTION VII.

From Grand River to Green River, 154 *miles.*

All level country, and many good camping grounds at easy distances. Timber near the streams.

Grand River is fordable from August till April; at other times it is swollen by melting snows. The same may be said of the Avonkarea, though in some years its waters do not fall sufficiently to be fordable. I was told that Green River is never fordable, but doubt the correctness of this information, and believe that in most years, from August to early in the spring, animals can wade across it. But for wagons, these three streams should have ferry boats.

SECTION VIII.

From Green River to Mormon Settlements near Las Vegas de Santa Clara, Utah Territory, 242 *miles.*

Eighty-six miles are across barren plains, occasionally seamed with dry watercourses. Good camping places are found at easy distances, with grass, water, and wood.

For one hundred and fifty-six miles the trail leads through successive ranges of the Wahsatch Mountains. All these ranges are separated by broad valleys, watered by abundant streams, and smaller ones give access to and unite the larger ones.

Throughout these mountains grass, water, and timber are abundant; game is scanty.

SECTION IX.

From Settlements near Las Vegas de Santa Clara to Mohaveh River, 374 *miles.*

This section is over a part of or near the Great Salt Lake Basin; and in it are two *jornadas* (long distance between waters); the first is 45, the second 55 miles in length.

At the Mormon settlements, beef, flour, and cornmeal can be purchased at reasonable rates. Groceries are scarce and dear.

With the exception of the jornadas, camping grounds are found along this route at short distances, on the Vegas de Santa Clara, Rio Santa Clara, Rio de la Virgen, Muddy Creek, Vegas del Gaetan, Ojo de Archilete, and Amargosa Creek.

In some of these places the grass is salt and wiry, and affords little nourishment. Mesquit bushes, which grow on all the waters of the desert, bear a nutritious bean on which animals feed greedily.

The only game is sage rabbits.

SECTION X.

From Mohaveh River to Los Angeles, 137 *miles.*

The road now follows up the Mohaveh, and near it is good pasturage, and timber. Water is first found in holes; higher up there is running water.

After leaving the river, the road crosses an elevated plain covered with small trees and good bunch grass, but no water is found until arriving on the head waters of the Santa Anna, a creek flowing into the Pacific, a distance of about 25 miles. A rough wagon-road leads down this creek, through the Cajon Pass into the valley of San Bernardino, from which a broad, well-beaten track leads to Los Angeles.

ITINERARY OF THE CENTRAL ROUTE.

From Westport, Missouri, to Los Angeles, California.

DATE.	CAMPS.	DISTANCE.	DISTANCE FROM W.	REMARKS.
May 15	Ind. Creek		12	Cottonwoods, willows, good grass.
" 16	Bull Creek	23	35	Some timber; good grass and water.
" 16	Garfish Creek	22	57	Nearest wood, half mile; water and grass.
" 17	"110"	23	80	Running stream; timber, good grass.
" 17	Dragoon Creek	12	92	" fine timber and grass.
" 18	Stream	10	102	Good water; timber and grass.
" 18	"	4	106	" " "
" 18	Hollow	6	112	Water in holes; grass.
" 18	COUNCIL GROVE	10	122	Settlement; abundant timber; grass; water.
" 19	Hollow	17	139	Water; grass and timber abundant.
" 19	Lost Spring	15	154	Good water, not abundant; grass; no wood.
" 20	Cottonwood Creek	16	170	Large timber; running water; good pasturage.
" 20	Turkey Creek	19	189	Plenty of water and grass; no wood.
" 21	Pool	12	201	Grass and water; small bushes.
" 21	Little Arkansas	18	219	Good timber; grass and water.
" 21	Owl Creek	10	229	Timber and grass; no water, except after rains.
" 22	Great Bend of Ark.	35	264	Wood; grass and water.
" 22	Walnut Creek	7	271	" "
" 23	Pawnee Fork	31	302	Well wooded; grass and water.
" 23	Pond	9	311	Good pasturage; water; no wood; plenty "buffalo chips."
" 24	"	25	336	Water; grass.
" 24	Arkansas River	20	356	Water; grass; small bushes.
" 25	FORT ATKINSON	5	361	" " "
" 26	1st Crossing of S. Fé trail	10	371	" " "
" 26	2d " "	5	376	" " "
" 26	Camp on Ark.	20	396	" " "
" 27	"	20	416	" coarse grass; no wood.
" 28	Island on Ark.	19	435	" " little wood.
" 28	Chouteau's Island	12	447	" coarse rank grass; driftwood.
" 29	Slough of Ark.	28	475	" wiry grass; no wood.
" 29	Arkansas River	8	483	" " "
" 30	Big Timbers	20	503	" coarse grass; large timber.
" 30	Arkansas River	12	515	Good water; abundant bottom grass; timber.
" 31	Lower Dry Creek	25	540	Scanty dry grass; water in pools, warm; wood.
" 31	BENT'S FORT	7	547	Bottom grass; river Arkansas; wood.
" 31	Upper Dry Creek	7	554	" " "
" 31	Pond	6	560	Dry bunch grass; water; wood near river.

ITINERARY OF THE CENTRAL ROUTE—CONTINUED.

DATE.	CAMPS.	DISTANCE.	DISTANCE FROM W.	REMARKS.
June 1	Below mouth of Timpas	15	575	Bottom grass; water; wood.
" 1	Timpas Creek	5	580	Water in holes, slightly brackish; good grass; wood.
" 2	HUERFANO RIVER	18	598	Water; rich grass; timber.
" 2	"	10	608	" " "
" 3	Pool	24	632	Water holes; grass; bushes.
" 3	Huerfano River	10	642	Water; luxuriant grass; timber.
" 4	Rock on Cuchada in Sangre de Cristo	20	662	" " "
" 4	SUMMIT OF SANGRE DE CRISTO	6	668	Water in springs; luxuriant grass; large pines.
" 5	FORT MASSACHUSETTS	25	693	Excellent water; abundant good pasturage; timber.
" 15	Slough on Rio del Norte	25	718	Stagnant water; coarse grass; bushes
" 16	Rio del Norte	18	736	Good water; abundant bottom grass; trees.
" 17	"	10	746	Good water; good grass; trees.
" 17	Rio de la Garita	14	760	" " willows.
" 17	Spring	10	770	" " bushes.
" 17	Rincon del Sahwatch	16	786	" " trees.
" 18	Sahwatch Valley	16	802	" " timber.
" 18	COOCHATOPE GATE	6	808	" " wood.
" 19	Summit of Pass	9	817	" " large timber.
" 19	Coochatope Creek	15	832	" " trees.
" 19	Spring	10	842	" " "
" 20	Rivulet	22	864	" " "
" 20	Rio Jaroso (Willow Creek)	5	869	" " "
" 20	Spring	7	876	" " "
" 21	Rio de la Laguna (Lake Creek)	5	881	" " large timber.
" 21	Spring	4	885	" " "
" 22	Rio Nawaquasitch (Sheep-tail Creek)	18	903	" " "
" 22	Creek	20	923	Water in holes; scanty grass; small trees.
" 23	Rio Uncompagre	16	939	Water; coarse grass; trees.
" 23	Mouth of the Uncompagre	12	951	" " "
July 18	Cerenoquinti Creek	25	976	" good grass; wood.
" 19	River Avonkaria	12	988	Coarse grass; timber.
" 21	Camp l'Amoureux, on Grand River	16	1004	Abundant grass; timber; river water.
" 24	Rio Salado, Grand River	10	1014	" " "
" 24	Grand River	20	1034	" " "
" 23	"	15	1049	" " "
" 23	Plain betw'n Grand and Green Rivers	21	1070	Scanty grass; no wood; no water.
" 24	Green River, left shore	35	1105	Abundant grass; wood; river water.
" 25	Green River, right shore	1	1106	" " "

ITINERARY OF THE CENTRAL ROUTE—Continued.

Date.		Camps.	Distance.	Distance from W.	Remarks.
July	26	Green River Spring	18	1124	Some good grass; small spring; good timber.
"	27	San Rafael Creek	38	1162	Good pasturage; small trees; good water.
"	28	Brook	10	1172	" " "
"	28	Rio del Moro	10	1182	" " "
"	28	Creek in Wahsatch Mountains	10	1192	" " "
"	29	Rio Salado	15	1207	" " "
"	29	"	15	1222	Coarse grass; " "
"	30	Sevier (Nicollet) River	21	1243	" " "
"	30	Meadows	4	1247	Luxuriant grass; bushes; good water.
"	30	Sevier River	12	1259	Good grass; small trees; good water.
"	31	"	10	1269	Excellent grass; " "
"	31	Rivulet, affluent to Sevier	8	1277	" large trees; "
Aug.	1	Junction of Sevier and San Pasqual Rivers	20	1297	" small trees; "
"	1	Summit of last range of Sahwatch Mts.	16	1313	Excellent grass; bushes; no water near.
"	2	Paragoona (Mormon settlement)	28	1341	Excellent grass; no wood near except bushes; good water.
"	2	Parawan "	4	1345	" " "
"	3	Cedar City, 1st, Vega de Santa Clara	18	1363	Excellent grass; large timber; good water.
"	4	2d, Vega de Santa Clara	38	1401	Excellent grass; small trees; water in holes.
"	5	3d, " "	12	1413	Excellent grass; small trees; running water.
"	5	Santa Clara Creek	16	1429	Good grass; large trees; running water.
"	6	" "	10	1439	Grass and clover; large trees; running water.
"	7	Spring	14	1453	Grass; small trees; good water.
"	7	Rio de la Virgen	21	1474	Salt grass; trees; warm, turbid water.
"	8	"	14	1488	Salt grass; mesquit beans; trees; turbid water.
"	8	"	15	1503	" " "
"	9	"	10	1513	" " "
"	9	Rio Atascoso (Muddy Creek)	8	1521	" " "
"	11	Ojo del Gaetan (Jornada)	45	1566	Good pasturage; bushes; cool, running water.
"	12	Vega Quintana	17	1583	Good pasturage; trees; spring.
"	13	Agua Escarbada	25	1608	Grass and mesquit beans; small trees; water to be dug for.
"	14	Ojo de Archilete	22	1630	Good pasturage; bushes; cool water.
"	15	Amargosa	5	1635	Salt grass; mesquit beans; water in pools, bad; small spring, brackish water, under rock.

ITINERARY OF THE CENTRAL ROUTE—Continued.

DATE.	CAMPS.	DISTANCE.	DISTANCE FROM W.	REMARKS.
Aug. 16	Agua del Tio Meso (Jornada)	50	1685	Scanty salt grass; small bushes; bad, scanty water.
" 17	Mohaveh River	30	1715	Good grass; abundant wood; water in holes.
" 18	"	8	1723	Good grass; large trees; water in holes.
" 19	"	19	1742	" " "
" 20	"	20	1762	" " running water.
" 20	Plain	20	1782	Dry bunch grass; cedars; no water.
" 21	Santa Anna Creek	8	1790	Good grass; timber; running water.
" 21	Sycamore Camp	12	1802	Fine grass; large timber; springs.
" 21	Cocomongo Ranch	15	1817	" " running water.
" 22	Los Angeles	35	1852	

APPENDIX.

Letter from Mr. Charles W. McClanahan,

Published in the National Intelligencer (Washington), Nov. 7, 1853.

Fort Massachusetts (N. M.), Aug. 28, 1853.

Hon. T. H. Benton:—

Dear Sir: Knowing that you feel interested in the middle route for the great Pacific Railroad, and believing that any information in regard to it would be acceptable, no matter how humble the source from which it comes, I have determined to state what I know about it. This information is from travelling the route just behind Captain Gunnison. I left Virginia the first of April, went to Missouri and Illinois to purchase sheep for the California market. After purchasing, I started to take them by Salt Lake, the Humboldt River, &c., feeling assured that I would have to winter at Salt Lake. I had gotten the sheep as far as St. Joseph's, (Mo.) Having some business in St. Louis, I met with Captain Gunnison, and learned from him that there was a better route by way of Utah Lake, and that he was going to open it, and that, from what he knew about it, it would be much better for me to take it. After thinking a good deal over it, I determined to take it, as there was a very large number of stock on the old route, and a good prospect of getting to California this season. I read your address with a great deal of interest; and, feeling assured these statements about the route could be relied on, I left Missouri at Westport, on the 18th of June, with a large number of sheep and some cows—Mr. Crockett, of Virginia, a partner with me. At Westport, I met with the two Mr. Ross's, of Iowa, with their families, going the old route; they also determined to accompany me the new route. After travelling a few days, I fell in with the two Mr. Burwells, of Franklin City, Virginia, with a large number of cattle, who also were persuaded to join me. We travelled the Santa Fé road twenty-five miles above Fort Atkinson, keeping on the well-beaten track to thirty miles above Bent's Old Fort, and crossed the Arkansas River at the mouth of Apispah Creek, crossed over to the Huerfano, up that stream about twenty miles, and crossed the Sierra Blanca Mountains through Captain Gunnison's Pass, about twelve miles south of Leroux's Pass to this fort. The distance given by Captain Gunnison is 693 miles from Westport, Missouri.

I have travelled over the mountains of Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Tennessee, over several of the passes of the Sierra Nevada in California, and I have never seen a better or more easy Pass for carriages and wagons than the one found by Captain Gunnison, through the Sierra Blanca [Sangre de Cristo] just opposite to Fort Massachusetts, and distant from it fifteen miles. I travelled the old route to California in 1849, and can speak of the two routes from actual experience, having gone over both with wagons. I look upon this route as far superior, and feel confident that as soon as it is known it will and must be the great thoroughfare from the Atlantic to the Pacific. On this route, there is an abundance of grass and water, so much that stock will travel and keep fat; the large majority of our sheep are as fat as any mutton in the Philadelphia or Baltimore market, and a very large number of Mr. Burwell's cattle are fine beef; and I have never seen any stock, after having travelled so far, look half as well. Both of the Mr. Ross's have carriages, and as yet nothing has in the least given way. I can say without fear of contradiction that this is one of the finest natural roads in the world, combining everything necessary to sustain stock; and I am confident that, if its advantages are fully made known to Congress, it will be adopted for the great Pacific Railroad. On this line, almost the entire route can be settled; as all the land from Missouri to Bent's Fort is rich and very fertile, equal to the best lands of Missouri and Illinois, and no land can beat the Sierra Blanca [Sangre de Cristo ?] for grass; even to the very summit it stands as thick as the best meadows; many acres would mow at least four tons per acre. Then comes the large and beautiful valley of San Luis, said to be one of the most fertile in New Mexico; indeed, fine land is upon the whole route, and the climate such that stock can live all winter upon the grass. I will here state the route I think best for emigrants to travel: Leave Westport, Missouri, take the road to Uniontown, then to Fort Centre, then take Captain Gunnison's trail, which leads from the Kansas to the Arkansas, near the mouth of Walnut Creek, up the Arkansas above Bent's Old Fort, thirty-two miles; then up the Huerfano, through Captain Gunnison's Pass to Fort Massachusetts; then to Little Salt Lake, Walker's Pass, Sierra Nevada; then down the valley of the San Joaquin to Stockton or San Francisco. There are settlements at different points all along this route, where emigrants can get supplies, none farther apart than two hundred miles. After leaving Missouri, you pass first Council Grove, next the Fort on Walnut Creek, next Green Horn, next Fort Massachusetts, Little Salt Lake, Santa Clara, Vegas de Santa Clara; at each of these supplies can be had. I feel confident, when Captain Gunnison makes out his report, that this route will be adopted. The pass through the Sierra Blanca [Sangre de Cristo?] is so low and gradual that a railroad can be made over it, and the grade will not exceed fifty feet to the mile. Captain Gunnison is doing his whole duty, and well deserves the thanks of the whole country, for the very well laid out road through this almost unexplored country. I will write you again after getting through to California, and describe the rest of the way.

Yours respectfully,

CHARLES W. McCLANAHAN.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MR. R. S. WOOTTON,

Published in the Missouri Democrat.

DON FERNANDEZ DE TAOS, NEW MEXICO, October 22, 1853.

EDITOR MISSOURI DEMOCRAT:—

Having passed several years in the mountains and in this country, and having some knowledge of the same, I propose giving, through your valuable columns, to the emigrants, some information as regards the Central Route to California. During the last year, I have taken a drove of sheep from this place to California, over the route Colonel Frémont intended to have gone in the winter of '48, '49, at the time of his disaster. I made the trip through to California in ninety days, arriving there with my sheep in good order, having passed through some of the finest country I ever saw, had good camps, and plenty of wood, water, and grass every night during the whole trip. This route is at least 450 miles nearer than the route by Fort Laramie and South Pass. I recommend to emigrants by all means to take this route in preference to any other. Start from Kansas or any town on the western frontier of Missouri, come up the north side of the Arkansas River to the mouth of the Huerfano River, about forty-five miles above Bent's Fort, up the Huerfano River to Roubideau's Pass, or the Pass El Sangre de Cristo, either of them practicable for wagons, the ascent and descent being narrow valleys made by small mountain streams, and so gradual as to offer no obstruction to wagons. Both these passes lead into the valley of San Luis, one of the finest valleys in the world; follow up the valley to the Coochatope Pass, in the Grand River Mountain; down the Coochatope River, to the valleys of Grand and Green Rivers, until you strike the Great Spanish trail; then follow the trail to the Little Salt Lake and to the St. Clara Springs; at both of these places there are flourishing towns built by the Mormons, where emigrants can procure such things as they want at fair prices. I was offered flour at $2 50 per 100 pounds, and groceries at fair prices. From St. Clara Springs to San Francisco, by Walker's Pass, there is a good wagon-road, and settlements all the way. Captain Gunnison with his party left the Pass El Sangre de Cristo about the 16th August, and made the journey through to Green River in twenty-four days, with twenty wagons. A few days behind Captain Gunnison was a party of emigrants, who had made up their minds to pass the winter at Salt Lake, in consequence of being so late in the season; after being informed of this route, they determined to try the road; the party was conducted by Captain McClanahan, of Virginia; with the party was Colonel Ross and brother, from Iowa, with their families, with several other gentlemen. They had 2,000 sheep, and from 3 to 400 head of cattle. Mr. Leroux, the guide of Captain Gunnison, met the emigrants on his return to this place on Grand River, and reports that they were very much pleased with the route, their stock being in excellent condition. Captain McClanahan, who has been several times to California with stock by the South Pass route, says there is no comparison between the routes; that he would sooner pass five times from the Arkansas to Grand River, than pass through the Black Hills on the Laramie route once. There is now being commenced a settlement on the Arkansas River at the mouth of the Huerfano, at which place emigrants can also procure such necessaries as they may be in want of; also information as to the route, or guides if they wish. There is also a good ferry at the mouth of the Huerfano, and ferries will also be established during the coming summer on Grand and Green Rivers. There is also another great advantage that this route has over a more northern one, as emigrants can leave Missouri as late as the 1st August, and be in no danger of being stopped by snow. After reaching the Great Spanish trail in the valley of Green River, from thence to California there is never any snow, and the months of October and November are more pleasant to travellers, and better for stock, than the summer months.

* * * * * * *

I am, sir, respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

R. S. WOOTTON.

CAMELS, AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR HORSES, MULES, ETC.

During our journey across the continent, I took particular note of the country, with reference to its adaptation to the use of camels and dromedaries, and to ascertain whether these animals might be introduced with advantage on our extensive plains.

Having, by a residence of many years in Asia and Africa, become well acquainted with their qualities and powers of endurance, I am now convinced that they would be of inestimable value in traversing the dry and barren regions between the Colorado and the Sierra Nevada; and I am glad to see that the Secretary at War has, in his late report to Congress, asked for an appropriation for the purpose of importing a certain number, in order to test their usefulness.

I will now state a few facts which will show the valuable qualities that these animals possess, the manner in which they may be rendered serviceable, and the facility with which they might be domesticated on our continent.

In enumerating the qualities which render the camel and dromedary so well suited to our western waters, I will quote from several travellers, whose statements will corroborate my own:—

1. *Their power to endure hunger and thirst.*—Tavernier, the great Eastern traveller, states that his camels, in going from Aleppo to Ispahan, by the Great Desert, went nine days without drinking.

The French missionary, Huc, who travelled in Tartary, Thibet, &c. in the years 1844, '45, '46, gives some interesting information in relation to this animal. Speaking of the Desert of Ortos, on the northern border of China, he says: "Everywhere the waters are brackish, the soil arid, and covered with saline efflorescences. This sterility is very injurious to cattle; the camel, however, whose robust and hardy nature adapts itself to the most barren regions, is a substitute with the Tartars for all other animals. The camel, which they with truth style 'the treasure of the desert,' can abstain from food and drink for fifteen days, and sometimes for a month. However poor the country, he always finds sufficient food to satisfy his hunger. In the most sterile plains, the herbs which other animals will not touch, and even bushes and dry wood, will serve him for food." In Barbary, they can remain five days without drinking during the summer when the heat is intolerable, and there is little or no herbage; but when there is grass, and particularly in spring, they require no water for three weeks.

2. *Their strength, speed, and endurance.*—No animal can compete with the camel for strength and endurance. The African traveller, Shaw, relates that on his journey to Mount Sinaï, which was over a very hot and stony region, though each of his camels carried seven *quintals* (784 pounds), he travelled ten, and sometimes fifteen hours a day, at the rate of three miles an hour.

Another traveller (F. A. Neale, *Eight Years in Syria*) states: "The Turcoman camel, a much finer animal than the Syrian, will carry, equally poised, two bales, weighing together half a ton."

Huc remarks: "Although he costs so little to nourish, the camel can be properly appreciated in those countries only where he is in constant use. His ordinary load is from seven to eight hundred pounds, and with this burden he can travel about ten leagues a day."

In Barbary, they carry from 550 to 600 pounds, and travel forty miles a day.

3. *The longevity of the camel.*—The naturalist, Buffon, states that camels live from forty to fifty years. In Tunis, where I had daily opportunities of seeing them, they live fully fifty years. Mr. Huc says that they retain their vigor for many years, and if they are allowed a short period of rest in the spring, to pasture, they are of good service for fifty years.

The camel, therefore, possesses more useful qualities than any other animal subjected to the use of man. His strength is such that he can carry more than three mule loads, though he requires as little nourishment as the ass.

In Asia and Africa, the journeys of the caravans are often from two thousand to three thousand miles in length, during which they average from thirty to thirty-five miles a day.

They are remarkably docile and obedient to their masters; lie down to be loaded and unloaded; at night sleep crouched in a circle around the encampment. They rarely stray away, nor are they, as mules, liable to be frightened; it would be difficult—nay, impossible—to stampede a caravan of camels. When turned out to pasture, they eat in an hour as much as serves them to ruminate the whole night, and to nourish them during twenty-four hours.

The female camel furnishes excellent milk longer than the cow, upon which the Arabs often subsist during their long journeys. Their hair, which is renewed annually, is more in request than the finest wool; the fleece weighs about ten pounds.

The dromedary possesses the same qualities as the camel, as regards abstemiousness, docility, &c., to which he adds much greater speed and endurance.

The dromedary is a much taller and finer-shaped animal than the camel. The Arabs assert that he can travel as far in one day as one of their best horses can in four. They are so hardy that they travel in the desert for eight or ten days at the rate of from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty miles per day, during which time they require very little food or water. I saw a party of Arabs, mounted on dromedaries, arrive in Tunis in four days from Tripoli, a distance of six hundred miles.

In these journeys they do not bear heavy loads, but carry a man, with his arms and provisions, which are equivalent to about two hundred and fifty pounds.

General Yusuf, of the French army, travelled from Blidah, a town in the interior of Algeria, to the city of Algiers, in a carriage drawn by dromedaries. Though these animals had a few days before made a journey from Medeah to Boghar, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles, in twenty-four hours, the General drove them at the rate of ten miles the hour.

Huc remarks: "Those that are employed to carry dispatches are made to travel eighty leagues in a day; but they only carry a rider."

The same author observes: "When their fur is long, camels can endure the most severe frosts. Naturalists have stated that camels could not live in cold climates; they probably had reference to those of Arabia."

In Turkey in Europe, where the winters are very severe, camels are in common use at all seasons. They are also used in winter as well as summer, on the elevated steppes of Tartary as far north as 50°.

APPENDIX.

(II.)

ROUTE FROM LAS VEGAS DE SANTA CLARA TO WALKER'S PASS, BY THE WAY OF OWEN'S RIVER AND OWEN'S LAKE.

It is seen by the Journal that it was the wish of Col. Benton that we should have gone nearly due west from Santa Clara Meadows to Owen's River, and also the reason why we followed the old Spanish trail by the Mohaveh, and thence to Los Angeles. His reason was, that the Spanish trail went too far to the south, and over the desert, while it was believed there would be a more direct way, and over a better country, by keeping west to Owen's River, at the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada. This was the belief of Col. Frémont, who had examined Owen's River and Lake, and laid them down in his map of 1848, and also sketched a mountain running east and west, about latitude 38, along the southern base of which he judged (from the nature of mountains and valleys in that region) there must be a belt of fertile land, with wood, water, and grass, making a valley east and west; which was the course that the route for the road required. His views have been subsequently verified, and as early as 1849–50, by a party of emigrants, headed by the Rev. J. W. Brier, who has published an account of it in the *Christian Advocate*, a religious paper in San Francisco.

REVEREND MR. BRIER'S STATEMENT.

"In September, of 1849, we left Salt Lake, in Hunt's large wagon train, for Los Angeles. We travelled nearly south to a point on the old Spanish trail, called 'The Divide,' about 75 miles southwest of Little Salt Lake.* Near this point we were overtaken by some Mormons, who brought with them a way-bill of a new and better route from the Divide to the southern mines, *via* Owen's Lake, Walker's Pass, and Tulare Valley. This way-bill was given by a hunter, named Ward, who had assumed the habits and intermarried with the Utahs, and was one of Walker's band. The way-bill stated that we should find a succession of fertile valleys, and plenty of grass and water, in a direct line to Owen's Lake and Walker's Pass.

"This way-bill, and other causes, induced that part of the company to which I belonged to take the cut-off. Leaving the Spanish trail, we travelled west 25 miles, through an opening in the mountains, having an excellent and almost level road. We then turned south, through a long, narrow valley, which brought us up on some table-lands, near the head waters of the Santa Clara. At this point we should have turned to the west, and would thereby have reached the first Muddy by a more direct line and by a much better road. But, bearing off too far south, a few hours brought us to the Santa Clara, in the vicinity of deep and impassable cañons. After three days of fruitless explorations in a southerly course, most of the company returned to the Spanish trail. But the company to which I was attached, discovering an open country to the west, and, believing we had gone too far south, resolved on a western course. Twenty miles brought us to the first Muddy. In travelling this twenty miles, we found no serious obstacles, excepting a cedar forest, through which we cut a road. By bearing to the south, in this instance, we lost about ten miles and found a rougher road. Still, we found nothing difficult or serious even by this route. This region abounds in spruce and cedar.

"From the first to the second Muddy is about 50 miles. The country over which we passed was a succession of valleys, separated by low dividing ridges. About 10 miles north, the country seemed a continuous plain nearly the entire distance. This part of the road can boast of nothing but a good solid foundation for a road, being rather sterile. From the second

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* This is the third Vegas de Santa Clara, in which the Rio de Santa Clara running south, and a stream discharging into Sevier or Nicollet Lake, head. H.

Muddy, we took a southwest direction, through a valley 60 miles in length, some parts of which were very fertile, having an extraordinary growth of bunch grass. On the north side of the valley there is a high mountain range nearly 100 miles long; in this mountain we discovered creeks large enough to turn a mill. Leaving this valley, we descended by a long slope into what seemed to be a lower region of country and entirely different, being more desert, yet better adapted to a road than the former, having a more solid foundation. The mountains in this region are so isolated as to admit of a passage through them in almost any direction. From our descent into this part of the route to Owen's Mountains it is about 50 miles, and presents no obstacle in the way of the erection of a road, and needs but little grading. When within 25 or 30 miles of the pass in Owen's Mountains to which the way-bill directed us, most of the company, becoming alarmed at the prospects, and being deceived by the gestures of two Indian captives, took a south course for 100 miles, or near that, and were then compelled to leave their wagons and cross Owen's Mountains on foot, and that, too, over its very highest summits, and where it spreads itself into four distinct ranges, which, however, terminate a little further south.

"From these heights, a depression could be seen to the north where we should have crossed. The distance from the desert, east of Owen's Mountains, to Owen's River, I suppose is about 50 miles; from Owen's Lake to Walker's Pass is about 50 miles; and all that distance, or most of it, is an open valley, from five to ten miles wide, lying between the Sierra Nevada and Owen's Mountains. The ascent from the eastern side to the summit of Sierra, in Walker's Pass, is gradual and easy; and the descent down Kern River is still more so. A part of our company passed through in January, 1849, and found no snow. The entire distance from the Divide on the Spanish trail to Walker's Pass I estimate at about 350 miles. In all this distance, Owen's Mountain is the only impediment, and, from all that I could learn and see, I am satisfied that there is a good pass, and that when it is thoroughly explored, it will prove no real impediment. In all this distance, you find no impediment from snow whatever. Now, if the country east of the Wahsatch is equal to that part of the route west of the Wahsatch, I have no hesitancy in saying that, for distance and locality, it has greatly the preference over every other. I have personal knowledge, and actual observation, of a part, at least, of both the North and South routes."

THE END.

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